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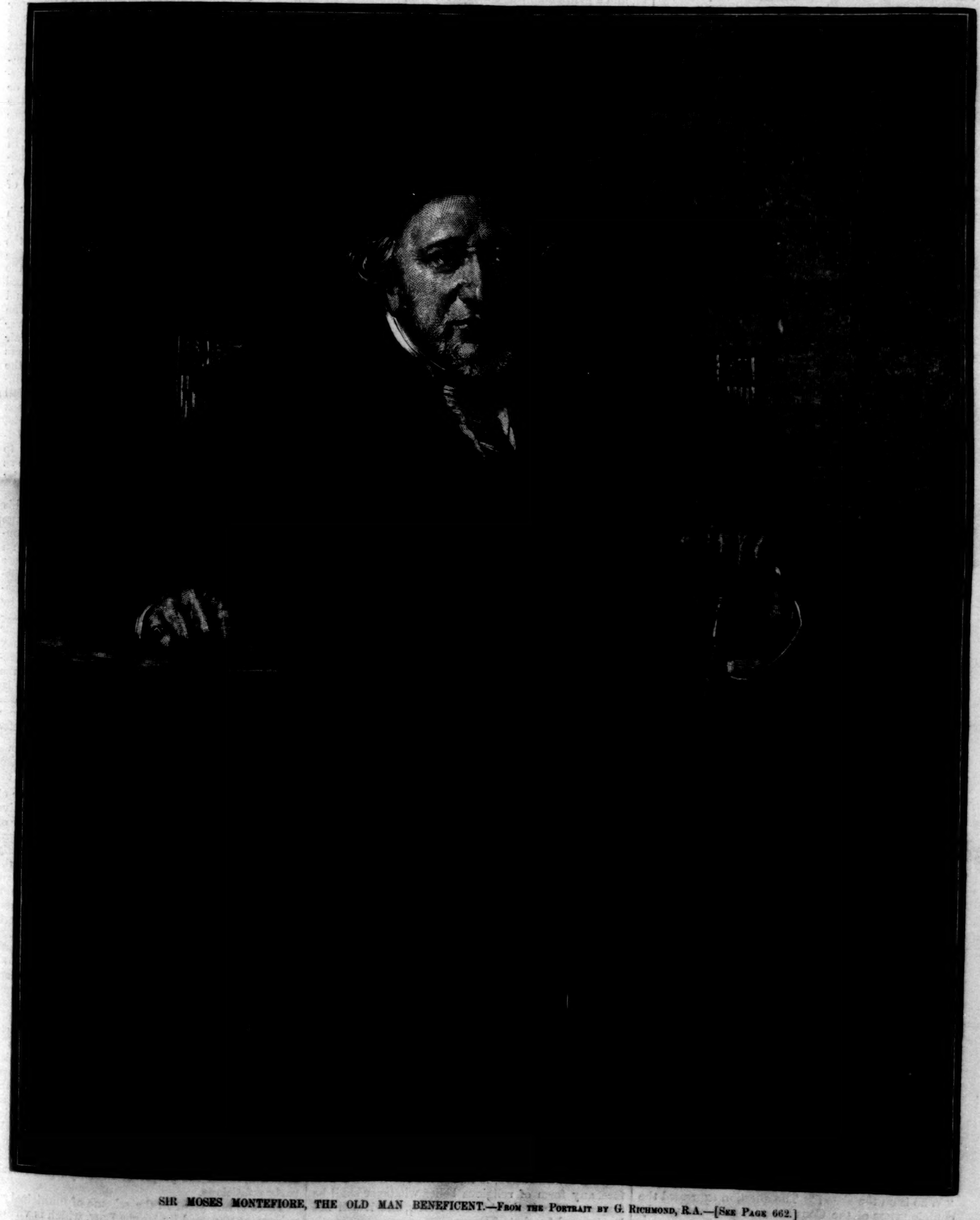


SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, THE OLD MAN BENEFICENT.—From the Portrait by G. Richmond, R.A.—[See Page 662.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 20, 1883.

"The best juvenile Magazine in the country."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published October 16, contains the opening chapter of a thrilling story of adventure by David Ker, *entitled*

"THE LOST CITY."

The girl readers will be especially delighted with a short story by Miss Sophie Swett, *entitled*

"HOW PHŒBE KEPT THE LIGHT-HOUSE."

Among the other attractions of this number attention may be called to drawings by Thulstrup, H. Chase, W. T. Smedley, *and* Culmer Barnes, *and to a full-page engraving entitled "The Baby Knight," and representing the German Emperor Charles Fifth receiving the Accolade at the age of three months.*

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

LAST year the Democrats carried Ohio by some 19,000 plurality. This year they have elected the Governor by some eight to twelve thousand majority. But the result is due so entirely to a local temperance issue that it has no national significance whatever. The election of the Democratic candidate this year does not show that the usual Republican majority in a Presidential year will not appear a twelvemonth hence. It is not a success of which Democrats can be proud, nor which will make them hopeful for the larger contest, because the result certainly does not show that there is a strong and widespread desire of change for the sake of change, which is the sole Democratic reliance for next year.

The prohibitory vote has shown great strength. The amendment prohibiting the manufacture as well as sale of intoxicating liquors was not adopted by the Republicans. The Republican policy, on the contrary, was substantially that of high license. But the party represented effective regulation of the liquor traffic as against the free-whiskey Democracy. This diminished the Republican vote by alienating the Germans, who are always opposed to what they consider to be the meddling of law with the private rights of the individual; and whenever the German vote has been diverted from the Republicans, the Republicans have been defeated. It can not be altogether pleasant to Mr. Hoadly to reflect that he owes his election to a free-whiskey vote. It is, however, the hard condition of success for honorable and self-respecting Democrats that it demands pandering to the prejudices of the most ignorant and least American part of the foreign population.

National issues did not enter into the Ohio campaign. The Republican platform declared plainly for protection, and the Democratic platform straddled. As Mr. Bird says that in Massachusetts nothing but Butlerism is on trial at this election, not Republicanism, nor the tariff, nor the silver coinage, nor any other question, so in Ohio it was a curious and to outsiders a complex form of the temperance question which has produced the result. Consequently, so far as appears, although the Democratic candidate is elected, Ohio remains a Republican State, and will undoubtedly pronounce for the Republican Presidential candidate next year. Iowa, the other October State, not only remains Republican, but elects the Republican ticket. The Democratic hope in New York that the October elections would foreshow a Democratic success next year which would help the party this year has vanished. These elections show that if a general change is to be made next year, some other reason is to be shown for it than the cry that the Republican party must go.

A CONTRAST.

The tremendous majority for Governor Cleveland last year in New York was directed, not against Mr. Folger, but against machine politics. It was a Republican protest from which the Democratic party derived the advantage. It was a declaration of war to the polls against a system by which the machine entirely supplants the people, and which allows a Convention only to ratify the "slate" of a few managers who maintain their power by patronage and party organization. The lesson was so emphatic and so recent that it might have been supposed that the Democratic managers would heed it. But, with the stupidity which always marks them when fortune favors them, instead of showing in their Convention of this year that they responded to the plain demand of the voters, they presented to the State the spectacle of as absolute and tyrannical machine rule as has ever been known. This was so evident that when some nomination was called for, a voice demanded, "Who is on the slate?" The question expressed the consciousness of the Convention that it was merely registering the edicts of certain bosses. It was an assembly which signally illustrated the outrageous abuse which was overwhelmingly rebuked by Governor Cleveland's majority.

On the other hand, the Republican Convention reflected in its action the conviction which was so unequivocally expressed last year, that the office shall seek the man, and that candidates shall not be imposed upon the voters against their will. The Republican Convention was a Stalwart body—Stalwartism being a word which describes the rejected system—but its action showed how much it had yielded to the new spirit. The party sentiment in the State had declared plainly for the renomination of the present efficient and satisfactory State officers, and there was no controversy in the Convention over the renomination. But there was one new name to be added. A designation was to be made for State Treasurer, and a gentleman was selected for the position, Mr. Pliny T. Sexton, who is not only, by the universal testimony of his neighbors of both parties, singularly fitted for the office, but who refused, either personally or by his friends, to take any step to secure the nomination. He was not written down upon a slate. He was not imposed upon the ticket by a machine. He was a spontaneous selection of the Convention upon a plain statement of his character and qualifications. The office sought the man, and not the man the office.

This contrast between the conduct of the two Conventions shows again what is now constantly and copiously illustrated upon all sides, that while the Republican party quickly responds to the desire that it should be the organized political instrumentality of reform in practices and methods which have properly disgusted the country, the Democratic party, hoping that it may come into power, shows itself closely wedded to the abuses which the country means to discard. The Democratic machine will hardly persuade the people of New York that it is a better agency of progress and reform than the old Republican machine which Republicans have "disestablished."

A PASTORAL LETTER.

The letter issued by Cardinal McCloskey and the Roman Catholic prelates of the late Council in New York is a singular document to be published in the United States and to American citizens. It expresses undoubtedly the views of the Roman hierarchy or priesthood, but hardly those of the more intelligent American members of the Roman Church. Its whole spirit is repugnant to the American principle of liberty, and its tendency is to foster an ecclesiastical state within the political state, which is necessarily mischievous. So far as the letter urges support of Roman Catholic magazines and newspapers and literature and denominational charities, and condemns secret societies and clerical debts, no exception need be taken, except that sectarian feeling does not generally require to be stimulated. But in denouncing mixed marriages and the system of public schools it takes a very different position, and challenges criticism.

If the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, which immediately followed the Roman Catholic Council in New York, had attempted by the force of ecclesiastical and denominational authority to prohibit the marriage of Episcopalians out of their communion, and had joined with it a denunciation of the public schools as "the crime of sending your children to godless schools"—which are the words of the Roman Catholic letter—the public good sense would have condemned it as an exceedingly vicious attempt to promote sectarian interests at the expense of the common welfare. If every religious denomination in the country should undertake to do the same thing, it is easy to see that the situation would become intolerable. It is by constantly ameliorating sectarian differences, not by exaggerating and inflaming them, that the general welfare is best promoted. But no method more certain to produce deplorable results could be devised than to limit marriages among the members of different denominations to those of the same denomination, and to substitute sectarian for non-sectarian public schools.

Upon this last subject the letter offers no fresh argument and presents no new view. It asserts the necessity of Christian schools, and maintains the injustice of a compulsory support of those which are not Christian. By Christian the letter means Roman Catholic, and by godless schools it means schools in which Roman Catholicism is not taught. Its argument is that instead of a system of public schools supported at the public expense, among whose special advantages is the allaying of sectarian feeling, the whole business of secular instruction should be left to religious sects. The answer to this is that the good sense of Americans has long taught them that such a system would be dangerous to the public welfare. The state assumes no authority over religious belief. Every citizen may cherish his own faith, and inculcate it upon his children. But, in the common interest, it does not admit the right of any citizen to require that in the secular schools, which, upon the highest consideration, it maintains for its own welfare, any form of religious belief whatever shall be taught. This is the American view, and it will not be changed for that of Rome.

THE REDUCED PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A curious controversy has arisen from the reduction in price of the large daily morning papers in New York. The reasons of the reduction are not announced. But as the *Times* fell at once from four cents to two cents, the *Tribune*, the next day, from four to three, and the *Herald*, about a week afterward, from three to two, and as the *Herald* states that it "loses vastly by its reduction in price," it is fair to conclude that the other papers do not gain, and that the change is due to rigorous competition. The *World* reduced its price to two cents before the change in its management last spring, and the *Sun* has been long sold for the same sum. The result of the reduction is that the *Times*, *Herald*, and *World* offer their double sheets at the price of the single sheet of the *Sun*, and for two cents against the three cents of the *Tribune*. For the public the cheaper the newspaper the better, provided that it is the price only, and not the quality, that is cheapened. It would be a matter of general congratulation if the circulation of the great New York dailies, with no abatement of the constantly increasing ability and higher tone which have distinguished them of late years, should be doubled or trebled. But we observe that Mr. Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the shrewdest "newspaper men" in the country, is of opinion that reduced price implies reduced quality, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in London, takes the same view of the lower-price tendency there. If this apprehension should be justified, the result of the reduction would not be a cause of congratulation.

It is just at this point that the controversy to which we have alluded begins. The distribution of the daily papers is a business entirely distinct from that of the publication, and it is in wholly different hands. The distributors insist in the case of the *Herald* that the rate at which it is sold to them under the reduced price prevents them from making a living profit, and they refuse to sell it for less than three cents. The *Herald* holds that the increased sale from the lower retail price would enable the dealers to make a fair profit from the smaller margin, and that the dealers ought to take their share of the loss arising from the reduction. But as they do not agree, the *Herald* insists that it alone will fix the price at which it shall be sold to the public, and therefore it has established a system of delivery for itself by setting up special stands throughout the city. The success of this enterprise will depend upon the ability of the paper to improvise a system of distribution which shall be as effective as the system which has been developed by the news-dealers.

The news-dealers, who are the middle-men in this transaction, are unquestionably at liberty to charge for the wares which they sell a price which they consider remunerative. The papers have certainly an equal right to determine the price for which they are willing to be sold, and to refuse to deal with middlemen who demand a higher price. But the organization of the middle-men may be so complete that by diminishing the number of places at which a particular paper may be found, and by compelling it to incur the expense of a separate special distribution, it may add seriously to the loss already incurred by the reduced price. This, however, is the contest which the *Herald* has accepted, and the result of which will be very significant. For if it appears that a paper can be satisfactorily sold upon the *Herald's* terms, those terms will become general, unless other papers prefer to present the difference to the dealers.

RENOMINATION OF MAYOR LOW.

The renomination of Mr. Seth Low for Mayor of Brooklyn by a great meeting of citizens irrespective of party is a most cheering incident. The charter of that city concentrates responsibility for municipal government upon the Mayor. Mr. Low originally accepted the nomination to the Mayoralty upon the express condition that he should be under no obligation to any man or party, and that he should administer the city government like any other business trust. This was his platform. Upon it he was elected, and he has faithfully maintained its principles.

No city in the country has been more honestly and efficiently governed than Brooklyn under Mayor Low; and the quality of the man is shown by nothing more plainly than that at the time when party spirit is most alive to dispute the selection of a successor—a time when it is held to be most desirable and advantageous to conciliate and equivocate in order to allay party and personal hostility—Mayor Low announces a scheme of appointment to city employment which destroys the hope of a political use of the patronage. And nothing, also, more pleasantly illustrates the quality of the intelligent citizens of Brooklyn, of all parties, than the fact that this is the very time which they seize to renominate the man who has served the city so well. Should the party organizations nominate other candidates, the contest will be definitely drawn between the people of Brooklyn and certain party politicians.

There is one point in the scheme of municipal appointment proposed by Mayor Low, which is virtually the method of the reformed civil service, which merits especial attention. It provides that every person who signs a certificate for any applicant for examination shall agree to its publication, should publication be deemed desirable. This simple and admirable provision puts an end at once to loose and indiscriminate certificates, and compels every man to take the public responsibility of his action. The scheme of Mayor Low is so well considered that it will probably become a precedent for the public service in other cities. His administration and his spontaneous renomination upon his original platform show how deeply rooted in the intelligent public mind of the country is the conviction that the public business should be transacted upon business principles, and consequently that official patronage should not be used for party or political purposes.

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY CENTENARY.

The last of the great series of Revolutionary centenaries will be celebrated as this paper is issued, and nowhere could these celebrations end more fitly than upon Newburgh Bay. No place is more closely associated with more interesting Revolutionary events than the bay and its neighborhood, while the commemoration has a peculiar fitness from all the other events of which the Hudson River was the witness. The river itself was in a great degree the chief strategic prize of the whole contest, and the celebration of this week, like all the previous celebrations, will foster the just pride of New-Yorkers in their noble river for its signal historic and patriotic character.

The especial incidents of the last days of the Revolution at Newburgh and its neighborhood are familiar, and they have been recalled by the celebrations in the early summer at Fishkill and New Windsor, and at the old Verplanck house, where the Cincinnati was organized. If with these sites, West Point just below, and Forts Clinton and Montgomery and the chain and boom, and Kingston not far above, where the first State Constitution was adopted, and Poughkeepsie, where the Convention sat to ratify the National Constitution, be considered, the great historical associations of which Newburgh Bay is a centre become very impressive. It is but natural that at such a time of refreshed recollection and commemoration a Historical Society should have been formed at Newburgh which will take care that the heroic local traditions do not perish, and that every relic shall be carefully preserved.

The most ample preparations have been made for the celebration. The presence of the President is anticipated, and Senator Bayard and Mr. Evarts will be the orators of the day, and Mr. Wallace Bruce, of Poughkeepsie, the poet. We may be sure that the story of great events will be worthily told, and the lessons of an occasion so proud and inspiring will be comprehensively drawn. They will be all the more impressive from the fact of the happy issue of the civil war, which has proved the quality and durability of the political system which sprang from the Revolution. Such occasions, indeed, so far as they stimulate the study of history, are of the utmost value. American patriotism can have no surer or more healthful nourishment than that which springs from the knowledge of the immensely increased well-being of the individual man which has been derived from the modern development of liberty. New York was of Dutch origin. In Holland began the great movement of liberty, one of whose prodigious scenes closed upon Newburgh Bay. But the difference between the inhuman oppression which stung the Dutch states to revolt, and "the preamble" which led the American colonies to take up arms, marks the immense progress which had been made in the history of liberty during those two centuries. It will be for the orators of the day to show the advance of the last century, and in doing it every word they utter will be emphasized and enriched by the inspiring associations of Newburgh Bay.

A DROLL ORGAN.

The Albany *Argus*, which is the organ of the present Democratic machine of which we speak elsewhere, and which opposes the repeal of the four years law as tending to the creation of an aristocracy, appeals to the friends of civil service reform to vote against the present Secretary of State, Attorney-General, and State Engineer as false to reform.

In support of this charge it makes the general assertion that Mr. Carr, the present Secretary of State, and Mr. Russell, the present Attorney-General, made a clean sweep of their offices upon taking possession. As we know that this assertion is totally untrue of the Attorney-General, we have no doubt that it is equally inaccurate in regard to the Secretary of State. As for the dismissal of the deputy State Engineer by his chief, we know nothing. But if he was dismissed merely to make place for a political "worker," and not for the benefit of the service, it was a gross wrong. This, however, is a fact not to be determined by the assertion of a bitter partisan opponent.

In correcting the *Argus* some weeks since, we warned it of the danger of making positive statements without adequate information. Its zeal for reform betrays it into eager and untrue assertions. Meanwhile the friends of reform will easily decide, upon a comparison of Republican and Democratic action, and of the tone of Democratic and Republican oratory and journalism—including the *Argus*—during the last year, which of the two parties will more probably favor reform. Their votes will be governed, doubtless, by their conviction of that probability, and certainly the last thing that will occur to them is that the true way to secure reform is to support the Democratic machine which displayed itself at Buffalo.

THE EXPENSES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Republican State Committee in New York have issued a circular asking contributions for the expenses of the campaign. It is a simple appeal to all persons who desire Republican rather than Democratic ascendency, and for the first time every large or small national office-holder receives a request which is not a threat, and which addresses him as every other citizen is addressed.

This is a very significant fact, as showing how quickly the most confirmed abuses in party management yield to public opinion when clearly and resolutely expressed, and it illustrates also the folly of supposing that any such abuse "can not be helped." Of course it can not be helped if nobody tries to help it, or if courage and persistence succumb at the first defeat. But it is only two years since Jay Hubbellism was insolent with an apparent absolute supremacy, while this year scarcely a Republican dollar will be extorted by the old terror.

This correction of an abuse is the more striking because it was accomplished by a party in power which was enjoying all the profits of the abuse. But the members of that party whose steady purpose has done so much to remedy the mischief must not forget that the honest expenses of a campaign are necessarily very large, and that the fund which has been heretofore drawn from the office-holders must now be supplied in part by the whole body of the party. Every Republican who earnestly wishes to prevent the abuses which would follow from general Democratic success should willingly subscribe a sum, however small, to aid the Republican canvass. Checks or money may be sent to Edward H. Hobbs, treasurer of the State Committee, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"THE RAVEN."

The poetical masterpiece of Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated in his strongest manner by Gustave Doré, is one of the most attractive gift-books of the year. It is published by the Harpers in the most sumptuous style, uniform with their edition of Doré's illustrations to *The Ancient Mariner*. The volume contains twenty-four page illustrations, and two smaller ones, engraved on wood in a manner hitherto unequalled in the history of the art, and a remarkable composition for the title-page by Vedder. The cover is embellished with a beautiful design by Miss Dora Wheeler.

It is an interesting fact that Doré's last important work should have been undertaken for an American house. His attention had already been directed to "The Raven" as a subject for illustration, when Messrs. Harper & Brothers' proposition reached him, suggesting this poem for his consideration. Attracted by the acknowledged superiority of American wood-engravers, the artist at once accepted the offer of the American publishers. The result of his genius, as reproduced by the genius of American engravers, is now before the public in this magnificent work.

In these illustrations Gustave Doré has surpassed all his previous efforts. No other complete series of drawings from his pencil presents such sustained elevation in feeling and imagination. The volume is enriched with an admirable comment on "The Raven" by Edmund C. Stedman, whose analysis of the poem and of the genius of Poe is one of the finest pieces of criticism which this accomplished author has produced.

PERSONAL.

Scene at a colored watch-meeting in Maryland.—*The Preacher:* "Will the young ladies who are standing on the back seats please sit down?" (No response.) "Girls, sit down!"—in a tone of authority. (Still no response.) "Hussies, sit!" They sit.

—Miss Emily MacTavish, a celebrated Baltimore beauty, whose portrait recently appeared in Harper's Magazine in an article on Baltimore by Mr. Eugene Didier, took the white veil at the convent of Mount de Sales, near that city, about a year ago. Last week she took the black veil, and abandoned the world forever; but before doing so she unexpectedly transferred the whole of her large property to her relatives. Miss MacTavish, now known as Sister Mary Agnes, is a direct descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and one of the handsomest women of the city of handsome women.

—From a recent oration by Monsignor Capel: "It has been said of myself, in common with others, that in the matter of converting Protestants 'it is simply magnetism'; and I believe some one has been bold enough to affirm, 'A couple or three conversations, and there you are, and you don't know where you are.' But in England and in Europe generally men of every position in life, men of every possible form of culture, men belonging to every sect of religion, and men belonging to none, have joined the Roman Catholic Church."

—Boston architects remain at their offices much later than their New York brothers. One of them was found a few days ago quite busy at 5.40 o'clock P.M. Is it because they work more slowly, or have more work, or think less of evening recreations?

—"Of course," said a newsboy on a Boston train, "if a man hain't got no New York paper, he'll take one anyway. That's our dodge, and that's the reason why we can punish any newspaper proprietor we choose. If we don't like his paper, all we have to do is to say we haven't got it, and then our customers will buy something else."

—On public occasions the Emperor William affectionately embraces his oldest son, and Count Moltke stoops to kiss his sovereign's hand.

—A passenger on a Fall River steamboat ascended to state-room No. 19, took out of his pocket the key marked with that number, and tried to open the door; but, try as he would, the door would not yield. After exhausting his patience he appealed to the captain, who chanced to be passing by. The captain's efforts also were unavailing, though protracted. Presently, in accordance with his suggestion, one of the sable stewards was called; but he too found the job too heavy. "I will go to the clerk's office," he said, "and see what's the matter;" and when he returned it was to impart the information that the figures 19 on the key had been read upside down. Their true interpretation was 61, as soon appeared from a visit to the state-room which bore that number. Meanwhile the occupant of No. 19 had been sleeping in his berth, his key in the door inside, and his slumbers quite undisturbed by all the fruitless picking at the lock. He is believed to have had a clear conscience.

—Two interesting relics of the romantic days of the old Volunteer Fire Department have just come into the possession of that distinguished fireman Mr. Carlisle Norwood. They are the Chief-Engineer's hat and the foreman's trumpet of the late Cornelius V. Anderson. On the trumpet are inscribed the words, "Presented to Cornelius V. Anderson, Foreman of Hudson Fire Engine Company No. 1, by the Volunteers, as a Tribute of Respect, New York, January 1, 1836." There are a good many reminiscences of Chief Anderson and his associates in the profusely illustrated book recently published by Harper & Brothers entitled *The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, and there is no souvenir of the days of the fire laddies that is not appreciated by the living members of the old Volunteer Department and their numerous posterity.

—Said Governor Benjamin F. Butler at the Attleborough Fair: "Our young men and our young maidens are sufficiently decoyed away from us now by the glowing picture of what they can do in the new country of the West, if they will only give up Massachusetts and go there. I don't want them to do that, for two reasons. First, though they may make more money by going West, it is speculative; but if they work as hard and fare as bad here as they would there in making that money, they can make more here than there. But the difficulty is, they want their comfort here and their money too, and there is a parable against that: you can not have your cake and eat it too. Secondly, the West is not a good place to raise men and women." Why it is not the Governor did not say; and he might have added a third reason, namely, that in the next campaign he will need all the votes he can get.

—Madame Nilsson expresses her satisfaction that the new Metropolitan Opera-house is destitute of the "heavy velvet hangings that are such a nuisance in most European opera-houses, because they only serve to deaden and swallow up all the sound." Yet Madame Nilsson has certainly been extremely successful in most European opera-houses.

—Mr. Evarts eloquently calls attention to the alleged fact that rich clients, though fleeced by the lawyers, are "certainly not flayed, and may congratulate themselves that the fleece will grow again."

—The Southern editor again comes to the front as a patriot. In his address before the Bankers' Convention at Louisville, Mr. Henry Watterson said: "The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence. She was rich, and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth; we had our debts and our 'niggers.' Under the old systen we paid our debts and walloped our 'niggers,' but under the new we pay our 'niggers' and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and we can exclaim with the old darky at camp-meeting who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, 'Bless de Lord, I'm gettin' fatter and fatter!'"

—Mr. Henry G. Marquand, a stanch friend of art education, is about to loan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art his Rembrandt, the famous "Burgomaster Six," his Franz Hals, his Velasquez, and several other notable old masters, the collection to be arranged in a group by itself. Art students will appreciate this.

—Our foreign exchanges note, among the sad consequences of the rumor that Mr. Parnell had been assassinated, the inconvenience to which the waiters at his hotel in Dublin were subjected. So intense was the desire to obtain the latest and fullest particulars that these useful persons "were knocked up before daybreak by unwelcome visitors who wanted to know whether Mr. Parnell was in town, or where he was."

—Mr. Whistler's elegantly engraved invitations to a private view of his etchings in the Wunderlich Gallery of this city were last week responded to by an appreciative and artistic company of men and women, who studied the white-and-yellow scheme of decoration of the room and the tonal qualities of the aquafortis. Walls hung in dead-white felt, wood-work painted in accompanying yellow, pictures mounted on blue-white cards in light frames of white wood with lavender flutings, attendant dressed in cloth of white and yellow, sofa in yellow satin, and mantel in yellow tiles—it was a new sight.

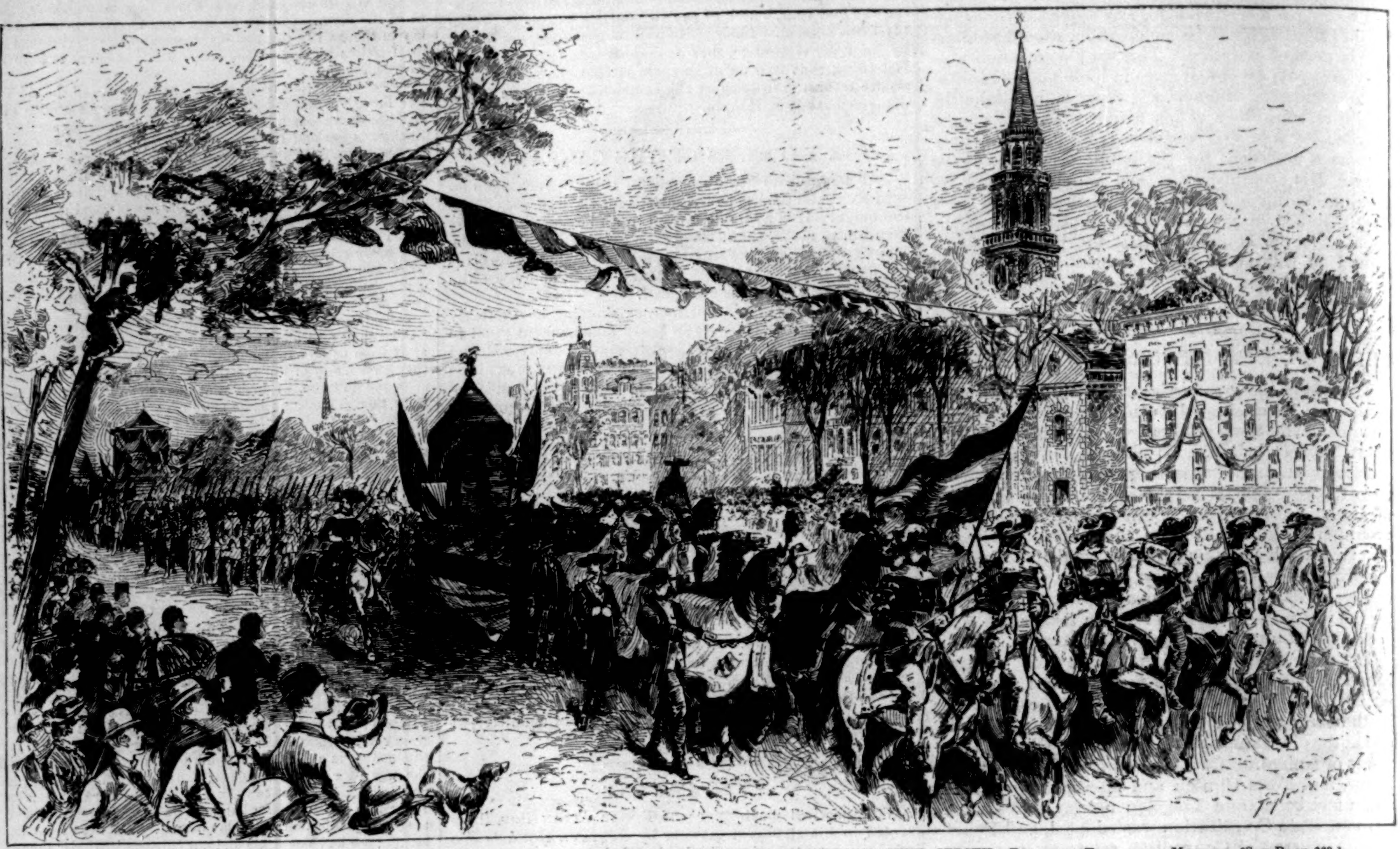
—Chief Justice Coleridge declares that he does not shrink from calling himself a radical, and that, much as he admires and supports Mr. Gladstone, he is oftener in agreement with the political course of Mr. Bright than with that of any other Englishman.

—The latest description of Prince Bismarck represents him as dressed in plain clothes, with a dark summer overcoat and soft wide-awake, leaning lightly on his stick as he walked along the platform of a railway station, between his wife and his son. He had just stepped from a "saloon carriage," the interior of which was richly decorated with flowers, and his thoughts, doubtless, were upon the extraordinarily deep little game he had played in extending to King Alfonso the conventional courtesy of an appointment to the honorary coloneley of a German regiment.

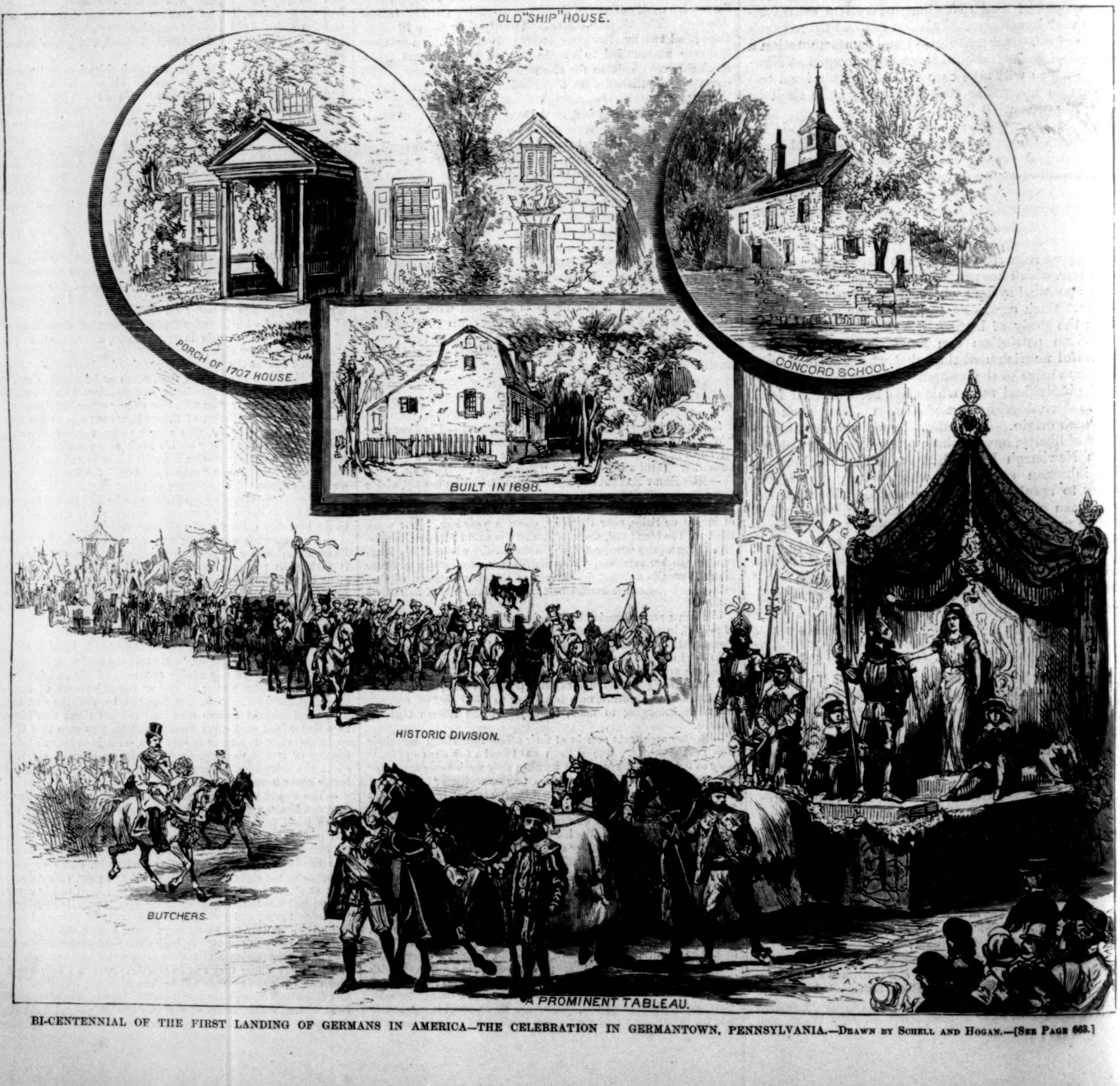
—A cold Scotch mist hung over Aberdeen when the Princess Beatrice made her appearance to open a new public park. "It is with great pleasure," said her Royal Highness, "that I have come here in the Queen my mother's name to declare this beautiful park open." She then planted a memorial tree, and took a drive around the inclosure. A silver key was presented to her, as a souvenir of the ceremony, by Miss Duthie, who had given the park to the city.

—Dr. B. W. Richardson has been lecturing in London on "Felicity as a Sanitary Research." He told the sanitary philosophers that if they were merely adding to length of life and developing population without giving felicity or the enjoyment of that extended life, they might in the long-run be working evil rather than good for the human race. He did not think that hitherto they had added to human felicity, and he was sure that if they could not advance human felicity by a scientific research into the sources of it and the impediments to it—in other words, if they could not scientifically connect health and happiness—they had better never have been born.

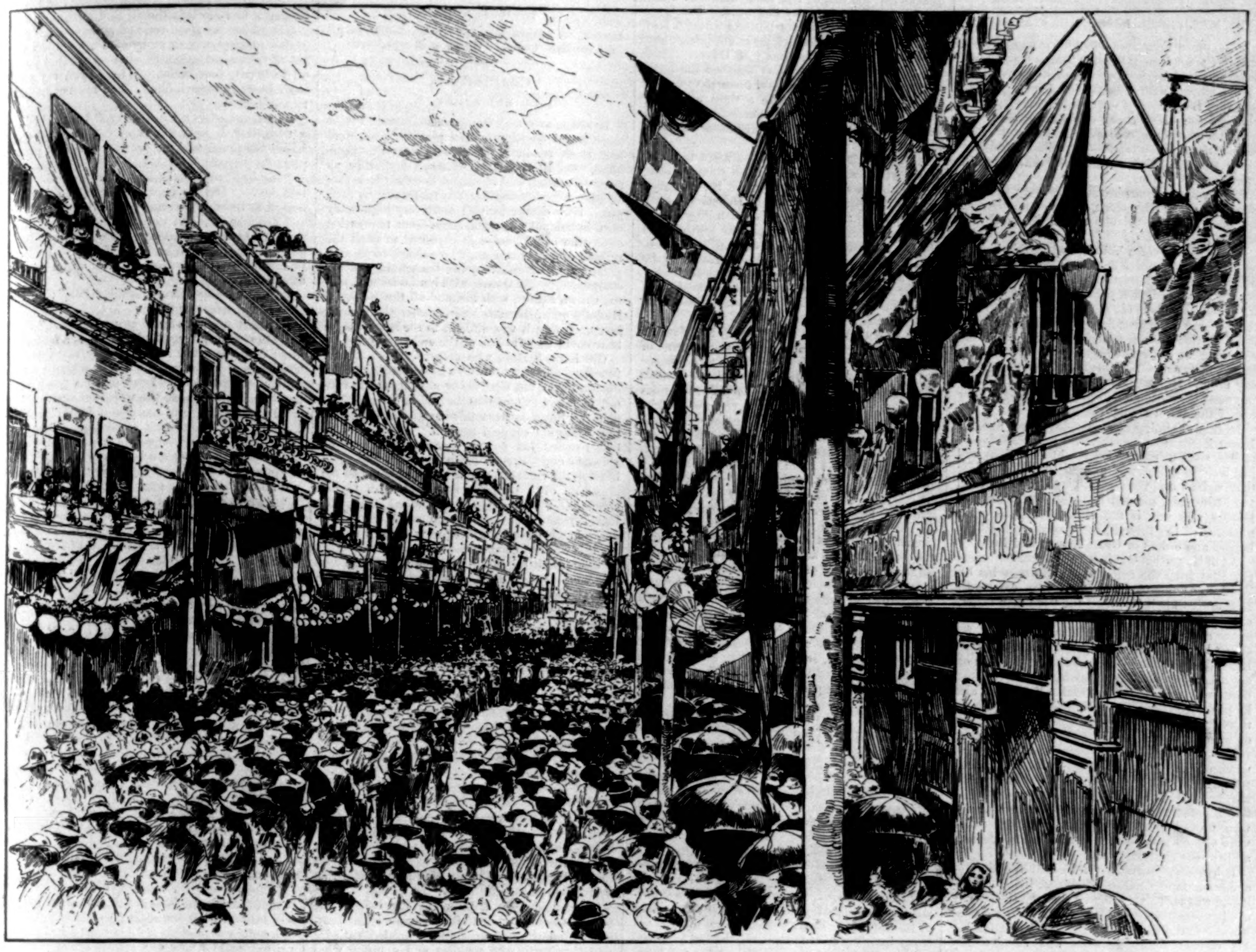
—The object of the education of pauper children, writes Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., is to eradicate the workhouse taint which shows itself from generation to generation, and to fit them by this process of depauperization to become useful and independent citizens. "Unfortunately the great educational lever is wanting: the family tie between parent and child, which counts for so much in the daily lives of both rich and poor, either does not exist at all, or has at the very outset of life been rudely severed. The pauper population, especially the female part, is drifting into the large towns, and swelling the aggregate of want and misery and crime. Surely the best thing for the state generally, as well as for the children themselves, is to devise some scheme by which, after due preparation and training, they can be transplanted to some country where they can have a fair start in a new world in which all their antecedents will be forgotten, and which needs the very thing that the country they have left possesses in abundance." The Children's Aid Society of this city has long acted upon these principles with much encouragement.


Taylor & Meeker

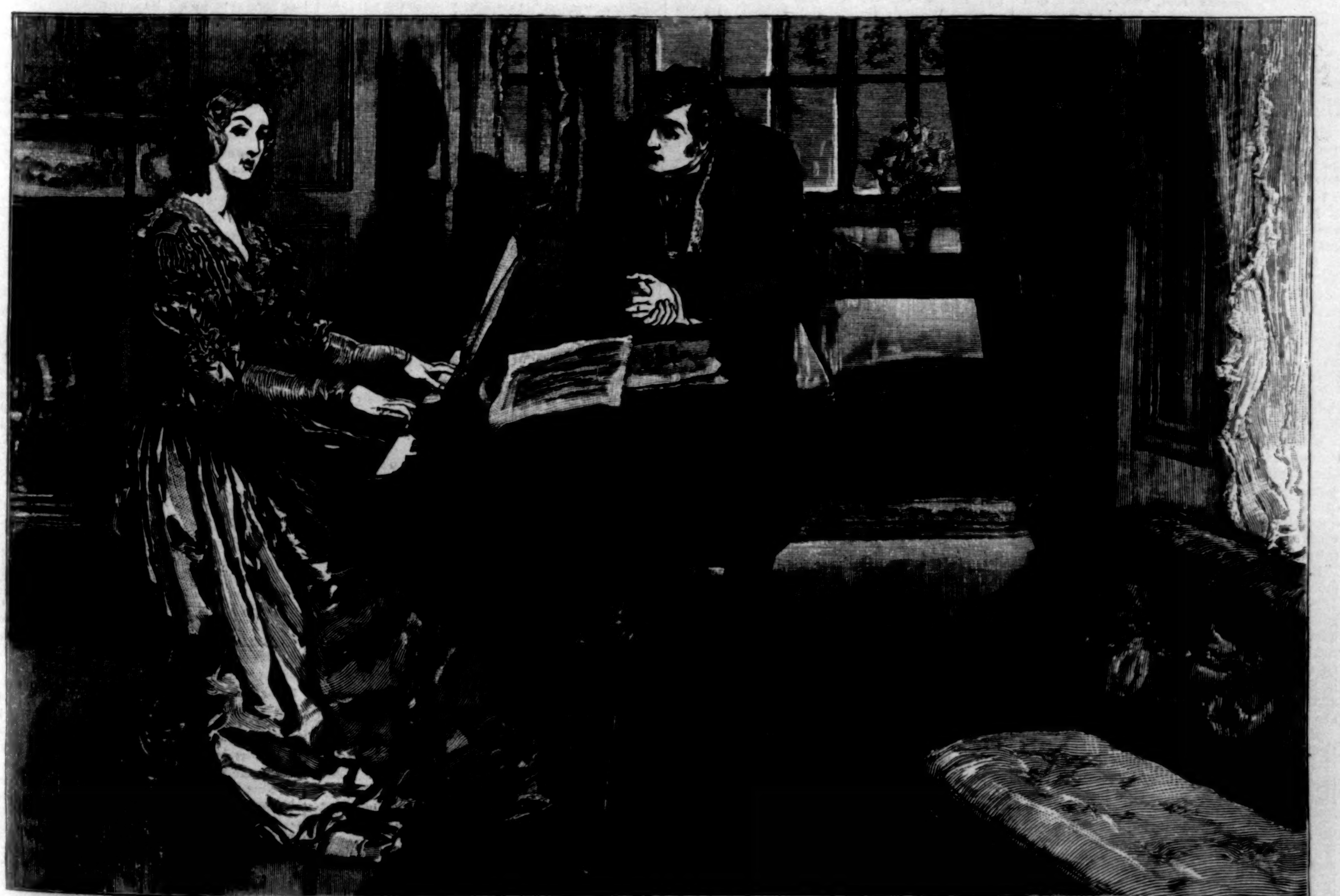
BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST LANDING OF GERMANS IN AMERICA—THE CELEBRATION IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 663.]


OLD "SHIP" HOUSE.
PORCH OF 1707 HOUSE.
CONCORD SCHOOL.
BUILT IN 1698.
HISTORIC DIVISION.
BUTCHERS.
A PROMINENT TABLEAU.

BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST LANDING OF GERMANS IN AMERICA—THE CELEBRATION IN GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 663.]



THE MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE-DAY—SCENE IN PLATEROS STREET, MEXICO CITY.—From a Photograph by Gove & North.—[See Page 667.]



"I GOT UP AND WALKED TO THE PIANO, AND RESTING MY ARMS UPON IT, LOOKED DOWN AT HER."—[See Serial "Thirlby Hall," Page 662.]

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

By MRS. ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

In the pretty Continental-looking town of Ramsgate, but aloof from it by wide fields of grain and clover, crossed by yellow lines of dusty road, on a green plateau with a fine border of woods, stands East Cliff Lodge. Not many yards from its front windows the white chalk cliffs make sheer descent to where the sea daily grasps and relinquishes the sands beneath—the golden sands for which the beautiful beaches of South English shores are so famous.

It is a lovely and pleasantly solitary spot, inclosed in the cobble-stone walls so familiar as the boundaries of private estates in rural and suburban England.

Set in the side of a hillock, and thickly bowered in vines, is a rustic door by which one passes down into the subterranean grotto leading among curious shells and dark shrubberies from the centre of the grounds to the sea. The walks through the garden and approaching the house are winding and richly shaded, and the murmur of the sea, mingling with the play of the wind in the leaves, makes a continuous flow of soothing melody around this hermitage, the home of one of the most charitable men who ever lived, and now one of the oldest among the living.

In this charming garden, many years ago, Sir Moses Montefiore, even then in the middle years of life, used to receive the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter, and around the elders, while they walked and conversed, played and prattled the little maid, pleased with the butterflies and flowers, who now is the white-haired, care-worn mistress of the thrones, the crowns, and all the honors and orders of Great Britain and India.

As at Hawarden Castle lives—whenever he can get away from the coil of state affairs to his beloved wood-chopping—the "old man eloquent," so at East Cliff Lodge lives the "old man beneficent," who has been an old man eloquent as well in the cause of his persecuted race, the Jews, for whom he has seven times journeyed to the Holy Land, the last time in his ninety-first year—in order to comfort his co-religionists, and relieve them both with money and counsel. For them also he has sued—and successfully—at nearly every throne in Europe, pleading in person for redress of wrongs, for the repeal of oppressive decrees, for juster privileges and opportunities, with so much majesty of presence, so much eloquence of feeling, and with reasonings so unanswerable, that he could not be repulsed. Once only did he find a potentate who would not receive him, and who proved inexorably cold to prayers which were echoed in the hearts of fathers and mothers all over the civilized world.

It happened in this way: In 1852 the child of a Jewish family named Mortara, living in Bologna, was taken very ill, and through the agency of his nurse—a mere child herself, but an ardent Roman Catholic, fond of the babe, and fearing his eternal destruction—he was clandestinely baptized in the Romish faith. This fact, after a time—for the child recovered—leaked out, and in 1858, when the boy Edgar was in his seventh year, a party of Catholic bishops' guards stole him from his parents' roof, and fled with him to Rome, where they secreted him in a convent. The story of this abduction, of the boy's piteous grief, of the parents' terrible despair when they found their efforts to recover him were useless, spread like flames; universal interest and sympathy grew into universal protest against the outrage.

Sir Moses Montefiore was then in his seventy-fifth year, and had been only a comparatively short time returned from his visit of relief to the Holy Land, that had been desolated by the famine of 1854. He went at once to Rome and asked to see Pope Pius IX. Both the English and French governments stood by him in his appeal that the child might be restored to his parents. He spoke for Gentile as for Jew; he was the advocate of the first and most deathless principles of our common humanity. Pius IX. remained invisible and dumb. Cardinal Antonelli, with whom he had a long interview, assured him that the case was "closed," the boy would be reared as a Roman Catholic, and not set free till his sixteenth or seventeenth year.

This defeat—a bitter one—is the only failure chronicled in the long list of the deeds of mercy done by this noble Jew.

Moses Montefiore was born on the 24th of October, 1784, in Leghorn, where his father, Joseph Elias Montefiore, was a merchant. His mother was Rachel, daughter of Abraham Mocatta. He was a strong, handsome boy, in whom a practical, vigorous mind very happily combined with a sensitive, affectionate, and imaginative temperament.

He was trained as a merchant, and entered the Stock Exchange when very young, and was in 1814 made treasurer of the Portuguese synagogue. Cordially respected for his unblemished honor and uprightness, he was as cordially liked for his sincere, courteous, and winning manners. Of the Alliance Insurance Office, opened in 1824, he was partly the founder, was its first president, and has been its only one, still filling the chair, after a tenure of nearly sixty years.

His wife, Judith Cohen—daughter of L. B. Cohen, Esq., whom he married in 1812—was an educated lady of noble character and a benevolence of disposition equal to his own. Moses had acquired a considerable fortune in his business career, and his wife cared as warmly as he did to use their leisure in discovering the right objects for their charitable designs, and their wealth in alleviating distress. In his love for Jerusalem, and his profound desire to raise the character and condition of the Jewish race there and everywhere, she helped him always with her quick sympathy, her sparkling intellect, and her steadfast co-operation.

In 1837 they went together to Syria. Earthquakes and the plague had made that land a sorrowful one, full of misery and need. The fever still raged, but they did not hesitate through fear of it. They pushed through great difficulties, and camped at last on the Mount of Olives. They nursed the sick, cheered and soothed the terrified people who flocked around them, gave money to all who were fit to make a right use of it, and made generous use of it themselves for those who were by illness or moral weakness incompetent.

It was on his return to London after these labors that he was knighted by the young Queen, then on her first visit to the city. He had been made a member of the Board of Deputies (a body constituted to take charge of Jewish interests at home and abroad) in 1828, and its president in 1835. In 1840 the services of this board were called into action by the cruel persecution of the Jews at Damascus, who, on a pretext somewhat similar to and as baseless as that trumped up in the infamous Tisla-Esla trial, were being tortured, hunted, and killed without mercy.

Sir Moses addressed a meeting in the Mansion House, offering to go immediately to the scene of these atrocities. The reply was the spontaneous subscription fund of £7000, to which Sir Moses's own contribution was large. Lady Judith went with him, and the French Jews re-enforced him in the person of the famous lawyer M. Crémieux. Arriving in Egypt, Sir Moses sought audience with Mehemet Ali. That monarch granted the request, and there was shown in to him a man of ideally commanding presence, more than six feet in height, erect, with finely knitted figure, gestures of subtle eloquence, a face mingling the Asiatic and Italian types of masculine beauty in lineaments of great harmony, dark eyes, flashing and softening, yet always penetrating and dominant, as he spoke of the unmerited woes of his race to the man who could relieve their sufferings. Astonished and affected, Mehemet Ali conceived an admiring friendship for this defender of the oppressed, and granted him all he asked. To firmly establish this success, Sir Moses pushed on to Constantinople, saw the Sultan, and procured from him the Hatti-Homayoun, which secured to the Jews rights equal to those of any other inhabitants of Turkish soil.

Christians vied with Jews in welcoming him home to England from this journey, and he received a superb silver testimonial, monumental in design, weighing about 2000 ounces, and richly engraved with the scenes of his journeyings.

In 1842 he established in Jerusalem, at his own cost, a dispensary, available to all applicants, with a qualified physician, and supported the whole for three years, while a regular hospital was being organized.

In the winter of 1846 Lady Judith accompanied him on another long and anxious journey, this time to Russia, where the Jews were suffering from an afflicting ukase. When at the close of his appeal Sir Moses asked, "Sire, will you not emancipate my co-religionists?" the Czar, as little able to withstand him as Mehemet Ali had been, exclaimed, "Yes, if they resemble you."

The autocrat treated his noble guest with great kindness, and provided him with every safeguard and convenience for his tour of investigation through Western Russia and Poland. During this journey Sir Moses gained a tremendous ascendency over the Jews in these countries by the unvarying interest he showed, by the kindness with which he rebuked as well as encouraged, and by the steady flow of his charities; and he induced them by thousands to turn to agriculture—a thing the Czar greatly desired, and which they had refused. When he came home from this work the Queen made him a Baronet. Then followed the already mentioned journey of relief to plague and famine wasted Syria in 1854, and the earnest but fruitless effort in the Mortara case in Rome, 1858.

Soon after this came the overshadowing grief of his life. His beloved wife sickened, and on the 25th of September, 1862, she died. Her tomb, modelled after that of Rachel, stands near the synagogue built by Sir Moses at Ramsgate. They had no children. But the essence of her companionship remained with him in the ever-strengthening inspiration to leave no good thing undone that it was in his power to do. His benefactions were made in her name, which thus continues to be associated with wise charities and constant deeds of kindness and sympathy.

Only a few months after her death he made another journey to the East, this time to rescue Christians from the persecutions of the Druses in Syria. He made a sixth visit to Constantinople in 1863, to get previous concessions to the Jews confirmed by the new Sultan; and in the autumn of the same year—in his eighty-first year—hastened to Morocco to save the Jews from persecutions similar to those formerly raging at Damascus; to Roumania, a little later, on a like errand of intercession for the Jews there; and again and yet again to the Holy Land, always as the relief-bringer. Like his public benefactions—not only to Jews, but to colleges, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and asylums—his private charities have been countless, as the widows and orphans of wrecked fishermen, the sick, crippled, and unfortunate everywhere, can testify. To the sufferers in the Tisla-Esla case, recently concluded, he sent £150.

His interest in world affairs and in all that truly concerns either community or individual, and his impulse to help wherever it is needed, are as fresh as when he first knew the delight of giving, for though enfeebled in body, he is still in possession of those noble powers of heart and mind which through his whole life, even into this his hundredth year, have been consecrated to humanity.

But there are no more journeys for him now, except that last one which will reunite him to his loved ones in the New Jerusalem.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

In accordance with immemorial custom, two or three Royal boar-hunts on a gigantic scale were held every winter in the forests near Franzenshöhe. On the occasion of these festivities an army of beaters was employed to drive the game; shelters were erected for the sportsmen in each green alley of the woods; and every high-nobly born individual who could shoot—not to mention some who could not—was expected to swell the retinue of his sovereign, who sallied forth with great pomp, attended by his household, and accompanied by the Queen, with her household, and the Crown Prince, with his, and all the collateral Rudolfs and Albrechts and Ulrichs, with theirs; insomuch that it was difficult to see how a single boar could be left alive at the end of the day.

Old King Rudolf, who detested these solemn functions almost as much as he detested his tight blue uniform, but who, being a king, had to submit to many things that he didn't like, used to play the Royal sportsman's part in an ingenious but somewhat comical fashion. As soon as he had reached his post a competent equerry or aide-de-camp was stationed before him, who, upon hearing the customary yells which announced the approach of the quarry, raised his gun to his shoulder. His Majesty then looked along the barrel from behind, gave the order to fire—I don't know whether the equerry always waited for this word of command—the boar, or roebuck, or whatever it might be, dropped; and next day the *Schwäbische Anzeiger* published a list of the slain, by which it invariably appeared that King Rudolf's prowess had far surpassed that of any of his guests.

In the month of January I was honored by an invitation to a Royal boar-hunt, but did not witness the singular exhibition of vicarious skill just mentioned, being posted, as beseemed my insignificance, at a far-away corner, whither no game was likely to stray, and where, for a long time, it seemed as if my share in the day's excitement would be confined to listening to the unearthly din raised by the beaters, and the distant shots of more fortunate sportsmen. Once I knocked over a hare; but I got no further chance of a shot, and from the silence that presently followed I judged that the whole party had moved to another beat. I did not dare to quit my post without instructions, and after a bit I sat down and lighted a cigar, thinking to myself that, but for the honor and glory of the thing, I might as well have remained at home.

There had been a thaw the day before, but now it was beginning to freeze again. The half-melted snow was hardening, wrinkled cat's-ice was forming in the puddles, and a biting wind swept through the pine branches. I was wondering whether it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to shoulder my gun and slip quietly back to Franzenshöhe, when I was startled by shouts of "Schwein! schwein!" from the hill-side above me. I heard three or four shots, and immediately piggy came bundling down the alley, straight toward my shelter, like an express train. He was past me before I could fire, but I sent a bullet after him, and had the satisfaction of hearing a squeak, which told me that it had found its way home. The boar blundered on for a few yards, then staggered, halted, and rolled over, dead.

"A very neat shot," said a well-known voice at my elbow, and turning round, I beheld Lady Constance, whose approach I had not heard in my agitation. She wore a tightly fitting dress of green cloth and a Tyrolese hat of the same color, ornamented on one side by a blackcock's tail—a costume which struck me as particularly becoming.

"Well, how are you getting on?" she asked.

"I haven't been getting on at all until this minute," I replied. "In fact, I was seriously meditating getting off; only I didn't know whether we should have to answer to our names before we were allowed to go home."

"You are growing tired of it, eh?"

"Well—I was until you came."

"So am I," said Lady Constance, "awfully tired of it." One of her hearty yawns added emphasis to this declaration. "Awfully—*awfully* tired of it all!" she repeated.

"Tired of this special entertainment, or of things in general?" I asked.

"Of both," she answered. "Pedantry and sentimentality are beginning to pall upon me. I have had enough of stiff-backed men and dowdy women and symphony concerts and Homer done into German hexameters. I am sick of the whole business—lock, stock, and barrel. I think I shall desert."

"You don't mean to say that you will leave Franzenshöhe!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"I certainly don't contemplate spending the rest of my days here," she said, calmly. "Sooner or later I must go; and at present I think I would rather go soon than late."

"And what is to become of me?" I ejaculated, half involuntarily.

"I can't think. You had better go away too."

"You know very well that I can't go away," returned I; "but of course you don't care. Sometimes I think you don't care two straws for anything or anybody. To you it seems the most natural thing in the world that people should fall in love with you; only you rather despise them for being such fools. You amuse yourself for a time with their folly, and then you weary of them, as you do of everything else. As for what may become of them afterward, that is their affair."

She was neither displeased nor moved in any way by my little burst of ill temper. "Oh, well," she said, after a pause, during which she had been tossing a fir cone into the air and catching it as it fell, "I am not gone yet, and perhaps I sha'n't go for another month or two. I am subject to fits of restlessness; but as often as not they pass off in twenty-four hours. Why do you say you can't leave Franzenshöhe? You are not bound to stay here."

"I am bound to my profession," I remarked.

"Oh, that is only a way of speaking. Your friend Chapman told me you had excellent prospects."

"Did he?" said I, wondering how much he had told her. "Did he enter into particulars with regard to those prospects of mine?"

"Yes; he said you were anxious to relinquish them in favor of a spendthrift cousin, who had gone to the bad. Why have you never spoken to me about this cousin and your disinterested affection for him?"

"I was afraid you would laugh at me," answered I, with perfect truth.

"I don't think I should have done that," said Lady Constance, thoughtfully. "It is a fantastic idea; but it is a fine one in its way, and there is nothing that I admire so much as a man who is capable of fine ideas. You won't put yours into practice, but it is none the worse for that."

"I shall put it into practice if I can," replied I, firmly. "I don't want to pose as a fine personage, or a fantastic one either; I should prefer not to take what does not belong to me, that's all. I suppose you mean that my uncle won't alter his will; but I am not so sure about that."

"I know nothing of your uncle," Lady Constance said; "my meaning was that you are not likely to persist in committing suicide. Few people do, except under the influence of temporary insanity."

"Then I must be insane," said I, "for I shall certainly persist."

"Are you sure? Would *nothing* persuade you to give up that stern determination?"

She looked at me with a smile which troubled me and made me afraid. I fancied I could read in her face a cynical consciousness of power; I fancied she knew that there was one bribe which it would be very difficult—impossible perhaps—for my honor and honesty to hold out against. Was she going to offer it, or was she only amusing herself with the spectacle of my subjection? A sense of impotence, of indignation with my own weakness, of revolt against the chains that bound me, caused me to exclaim, almost angrily, "Are you tempting me?"

The moment that the words were out of my mouth I should have been glad to recall them. I saw that I had gone too far. Lady Constance drew herself up ever so slightly, dropped her eyelids, and repeated, in a tone of cold surprise: "Tempting you? You allow yourself to use rather equivocal expressions sometimes. Perhaps you will explain what you mean."

I could not possibly tell her what I had meant, neither could I very well remain silent, much as I should have wished to do so. I began to stammer out some utterly incoherent phrases, which, to my great relief, were cut short by the apparition of an aide-de-camp, who announced that he had been sent by his Majesty to search for Lady Constance. Her prolonged absence, he said, had caused no little anxiety; and then he cast a baleful glance at me, for he too was among my companion's victims. The programme of the day, he went on to explain, had been brought to its conclusion; the carriages which were to convey us back to the town were in waiting; and shortly afterward my dead pig and I were added to the triumphal procession which followed King Rudolf to the gates of his capital.

Mounting the broad staircase of the Legation, and entering my room in a pensive mood, I made out by the flickering fire-light the outline of a human form reclining in my arm-chair, which form, upon closer investigation, proved, to my great surprise and pleasure, to be no other than that of George Warren.

"My dear old boy!" I exclaimed, "have you travelled all this distance to see me? You must have had a vision from Heaven, telling you to come!"

He replied, with his usual sober sense, "Oh no; only I have been working rather hard of late, and I thought you wouldn't mind if I ended my Christmas holiday by a run over here."

"Mind! you stupid old fool, sit down, and let us eat, drink, and be merry. What would you like to have? Nothing? Well, then, you shall have a brandy-and-soda, whether you like it or not, to drink your health in. So you've been working hard, have you? And how is the study of the law getting on? Any briefs yet? If you only knew how delighted I am to see you!"

George seemed a little taken aback by the warmth of my welcome. He said he believed that he had a fairly good prospect of getting on in time, though he had not as yet had the satisfaction of pocketing a single fee. He hoped I was all right, and that I found the diplomatic service as pleasant as I had expected. When I had lighted the candles I saw that he was looking at me with a certain air of compunction and sheepishness, which I was at a loss to account for until it struck me that he might have undertaken this pilgrimage with the object of discovering how matters stood between me and Lady Constance. This surmise damped my spirits a little, but did not make me angry, as it would have done some months before. After all, the sooner my friends knew what must be known some day, the better. After something had been said about Thirlby and my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar—neither of us mentioned Maud—George, who was bending over the fire, remarked, casually, "Lady Constance Milner is here, is she not?"

"Yes," I answered; "she is."

"Ah!" said he; "so I understood." And then there was silence for a short time.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"Look here, George," I burst out at last, in desperation, "we may just as well speak plainly as to go on exchanging thoughts. Of course I know what you are saying to yourself, and it's all true. I have done exactly what you prophesied, and what I could have sworn that I should never do. I have fallen over head and ears in love with Lady Constance Milner, who doesn't care a snap of her fingers for me, and I have thrown over Maud Dennison, who—well, perhaps she may have been inclined to care a little for me at one time, though I hope it was not so. You are thinking that I am a vain, weak-minded ass, and something very like a perjurer into the bargain—"

"Indeed, Charley, I wasn't thinking all that of you," put in George, mildly.

"Never mind; you might have thought it, and been perfectly right. I think quite as badly of myself as any one else can think of me. All I have to say is that I can't help it."

"H'm!—no; I suppose you can't help it," agreed George, thoughtfully; "I don't see how anybody is to help visitations of this sort. No man would expose himself to the worry and misery of falling in love with a woman who didn't care for him, if he could by any means avoid doing so."

I had not expected to meet with so much clemency. "*You* would have helped it," I sighed; "you would have had the wisdom to retire when she gave you the chance, instead of provoking her into showing you her power. Do you know that at Naples she actually warned me of what would happen if I persisted in forcing myself upon her? And I, like an idiot as I was, defied her. You would never have done that."

"Oh," said George, "she was no temptation to me. She might have practiced all her arts upon me, and I should have been none the worse."

"She could have made you fall in love with her with the greatest ease; she could do it now if she liked, and not all your common-sense would save you," I declared, with some inconsistency. "She could make anybody fall in love with her. If she had had the misfortune to be born a century or two ago, it is my firm belief that she would have been burned for a witch. I wish she had been born centuries ago. Or rather I wish she was not going to be born until the next century. In many ways she is better fitted to live in the next century than in this one, and perhaps posterity won't be as susceptible as some of us are."

George pointed out to me that this was not the language of a lover.

"Perhaps not," I said; "but it expresses my feelings. I suppose I am hardly a lover in the ordinary sense of the word, for I would give anything not to be in love with Lady Constance. I scarcely ever talk to her without being angry and disgusted with myself, and sometimes she positively scares me. This afternoon she said a thing which made me feel for the moment almost as if she were an evil spirit. And yet I dare say she meant no great harm. I dare say she has meant no great harm all through; only I hate to think that I am so completely in her power that I daren't call my soul my own. It may be very unjust, and I believe it is, but I can't always forget that, but for her, I should have been as devoted to Maud now as ever I was, and a great deal happier than I can ever by any possibility be again."

"It appears to me, Charley," said George, gravely, "that you *are* still in love with Miss Dennison. If you will examine yourself I think you will find that it is so."

"Now, George," I exclaimed, irritably, "if you put on that sapient look, you will make me lose my temper. Don't you understand? But no; of course you don't. How should you, when I can't make head or tail of the business myself? However, you may take my word for it that all that is over and done with forever. You think, because I rail in this feeble way against Lady Constance, that I can't really care so very much for her; but you are quite wrong. I would cut off my hand to give her pleasure; I would go to the end of the world for her; I suppose there are very few things, good or bad, that I wouldn't do if she told me to do them. And all the while I know perfectly well that she has just about as much affection for me as she has for Antonio."

George rubbed his head and said, "Well, I don't know, I'm sure," and after that neither of us spoke for a considerable time. Once or twice George opened his mouth as if he were going to say something, but thought better of it, and sat drumming abstractedly upon the arms of his chair, while the wood fire crackled and blazed and the wind howled in the chimney.

At length I determined to dismiss black care, at all events for the present. I got up and stretched myself, remarking that we shouldn't make things any better by talking about them. "What are you going to do this evening? Come down-stairs and be introduced to Lord and Lady Rossan; they'll be sure to ask you to stop and dine."

George, with his usual reluctance to make fresh acquaintances, said he thought he had better wait until the next day; but I would take no refusal, and presently dragged him down to the drawing-room, where we found Lady Rossan alone. Lady Rossan had often heard of George Warren from me, and accorded him a very different welcome from that which she had extended to poor Harry. Among the generality of her guests she passed for a somewhat chilling person; but she was beloved by shy and retiring members of society, whom she had the knack of setting at their ease without any of the obvious efforts at doing so which shy people so deeply resent. George was a young man after her own heart—a young man entirely free from vice, vanity, or affectation, yet a thoroughly manly fellow, with no suspicion of priggishness about him. She recognized the variety to which he belonged in a very few minutes, and began asking him questions about his home, and telling him of the many clever things that her husband had lately said and done, which was always a sure mark of her favor.

"Lord Rossan and Mr. Pemberton have gone to dine at the Palace," she said, after a time; "but if you will put up with my company and Mr. Maxwell's and stay to dinner here, I shall be very glad. My sister-in-law, I think, you already know; but I believe she does not intend to join us this evening."

Lady Constance did not join us in the dining-room; but she looked in for a few minutes on her way from a dinner party to a ball, and, on recognizing the addition to our party, was pleased to say that surprises were always a blessing, and that if anything could have surprised her, it would have been the sight of her friend Mr. Warren at Franzenshöhe. "I thought you were too much of a John Bull ever to leave England for pleasure," she remarked; "but possibly you may not be here for pleasure, after all. Have you been knocking down any more innocent people lately?"

She and George then withdrew to the other side of the room and had a brief colloquy, at the end of which he returned, rather red, but looking pleased with himself. It was but too evident that there had been an encounter, nor could I entertain any doubt as to what had been the subject of that encounter; but I forbore to question George when we retired; and soon afterward my overzealous friend went to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

GEORGE FULFILLS HIS MISSION.

"The ex-bear-leader," said Lady Constance, "carries out his instructions clumsily. He does not want courage, but his system of tactics is deplorably rude."

I was sitting in her drawing-room on the morning after George's arrival, and she addressed these remarks to me from the piano, upon which, at intervals, she was playing fragments of one of Chopin's *nocturnes*. Outside, the snow was falling in small flakes; a strong wind from the north was piling it in drifts against the house on the other side of the street, and causing the sparse pedestrians to hurry, shivering, on their way; but in this bright, cozy room all was warmth and luxury. The cheerful wood fire (Lord Rossan abhorred the national white stoves, and would have none of them in his house); the stands of hot-house plants; the faint odor of sandal-wood, which was the perfume specially affected by Lady Constance; the strange accidentals and dissonances of the *nocturne*—all these things soothed my senses and filled me with languid contentment. Lady Constance was, I think, by far the best amateur pianist that I have ever listened to; but it was only upon very rare occasions that she cared to exhibit her skill. She was playing now in a dreamy, disjointed fashion, often repeating the same passage two or three times, and often breaking into soft cords and trills which probably could not have been found in the score; and it seemed to me that the contrast between the vague, poetical character of the music, and the observations by which it was interrupted every now and again, was curiously characteristic of the performer.

"Yes," she repeated, "he goes beyond his instructions. They ought to have been made more precise for him."

"What instructions?" I asked. "I didn't know that he had received any."

"Did you not? And yet you can hardly imagine that the poor man has come out here in the depth of winter for his own amusement."

"I believe he has," said I. "Why shouldn't he?"

She played half a dozen bars before she replied: "I don't know why he shouldn't, but I am very sure that he hasn't. He has marched upon Franzenshöhe with a purpose; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that your uncle had paid his travelling expenses."

Of course I knew what she meant; but I thought it better to say, "I don't quite understand you."

"Bend your mind to the subject, and you will probably succeed in comprehending it. For my part I think your uncle is quite right, only he should be more careful in choosing his emissaries. There are many good ways of rescuing a foolish youth from the jaws of an ogress, but to scold the ogress in his presence is not one of them. The plan I should adopt myself would be to suborn the prettiest actress I could find, and get her to make advances to him."

I said, "You are very cynical."

"Do you think so? Some people might have the right to say that of me, but surely not you. And frankly I don't care much about accepting the *rôle* of an ogress, which your friends seem determined to force upon me. They have been very injudicious in throwing down the gauntlet; but their lack of judgment shall not harm them. Go in peace; Antonio shall be told to say 'Not at home' the next time you honor me with a call."

"And will you refuse to speak to me when we meet every day at dinner?" I asked. "Even if you do you will not be able to prevent my seeing you, and I might content myself with that as a *pis-aller*." The fact was that I did not think her dismissal was meant to be serious.

"It is true," said she, her fingers still wandering over the keys, "I can't send you out of the house; though of course I can leave it myself, as, indeed, I was thinking of doing at any rate. But I don't quite like the idea of striking my tents and marching the moment that the redoubtable Warren takes the field against me. It would be curious if his coming here should have the effect of making me stay a little longer than I had intended."

"If it has that effect I shall bless the day of his arrival," said I; "but you make a mistake in thinking that he has been sent here by my uncle. My uncle is much too straightforward to employ stratagems, and too unsuspicious to think that they are needed; besides which, he knows very well that a word from him would influence me more than anything that dear old George Warren could say or do."

"Ah! then I think he would do well to speak that word. Yet, when all is said and done, it is not a matter of such tragic importance. In another year or two, at the very outside, you will wonder what you can ever have seen in me that was different from other women."

I got up and walked to the piano, and resting my arms upon it, looked down at her. "Do you honestly think that?" I asked.

She went on playing, without noticing me; but when I repeated my question she ceased suddenly, and raised her eyes to mine with a certain wistfulness. "I *know* it," she answered, quietly. "Neither you nor I wish to accept life like dumb animals, do we? Well; but if we want to understand it at all, we must begin by facing obvious truths, and one obvious truth is that we are all of us perpetually shifting and changing. It cuts both ways, don't you see?—it is half curse, half blessing. Everybody must have some moments of intense unhappiness. You would not like them to last forever, and you can't expect that happiness, or love, or fancy, or any other pleasant thing should last either."

"I won't make any protestations," I said; "I haven't much right to do that, because, as you know, I have changed once already. Still, I think a time may come when you will acknowledge that I am not exactly the same as all the other men who have felt your extraordinary attraction, and have shaken themselves free of it. I only wish you would give me the opportunity of doing some great thing for your sake. Then perhaps you would understand better."

"Take care!" she said, laughing; "I might put you to the test one of these fine days. It sometimes happens that I want difficult things done, and I am not always scrupulous."

I was about to answer that if she wanted a despot assassinated or a powder-magazine blown up, I was the desperate man to carry out her purpose; but I was preserved from taking such rash pledges by the entrance of Mr. Sotheran, who was announced at this moment.

In the presence of that imperturbable bugbear I could neither talk nor feel at my ease, and I presently went away to look after George, whom I had left in my room an hour before, and who saluted my return with a touch of impatience, saying that he had begun to think I was buried under a snow-drift.

I apologized, and he answered, "Oh, never mind; I can guess where you have been. I hope this snow won't go on falling for twenty-four hours," he added, walking to the window. "I must be off home to-morrow morning, if I can manage it."

"To-morrow morning! You don't mean to say that you must go so soon as that!" I exclaimed; but, to tell the truth, my dismay was somewhat hypocritical. Only the day before I had been overjoyed to see him, but now I was relieved to hear that he did not mean to stay. Well might Lady Constance declare that mankind is subject to perpetual change!

"I haven't any time to waste, you see," George said, moving about the room, and looking a good deal embarrassed. "I wanted just to see you, you know, and—and to say a few words."

"Yes," I answered; "I know; and it's awfully good of you, old fellow; though you have had a long journey for nothing, I'm afraid. Anyhow, you have done your best for me; and no man can do more."

"Oh, well," said George, becoming more and more fidgety and disconcerted, "I should have been very glad to have got you out of this entanglement, Charley, and I can honestly say that I would have travelled a great many miles to do that, if it had seemed at all possible; but I mustn't claim to have come here with that object. I had another reason—" Here George came to a full stop, and after knocking over a pile of books, backed away from the table until the edge of a chair catching him behind the knees caused him to sit down with great violence.

"Well," I said, "out with it! What are you hesitating about?"

"It isn't so easy to come out with it," replied George. "I—I suppose you haven't formed any conjecture?"

I said, "Not the faintest; I am completely mystified."

"No; I knew you wouldn't have suspected anything; nobody would," sighed George; "and I have felt all along that it was a piece of almost ludicrous presumptuousness on my part to dream of such a thing. But then, as you said last night, one can't help one's self."

"Oho!" cried I; "so the murder's out, and you have actually lost that well-regulated heart of yours! Now I know why you have become so merciful to the failings of others all of a sudden. Don't talk about presumptuousness, my dear fellow; why, there isn't a girl in all Norfolk good enough for you!"

"Well, now," said George, brightening considerably, "I am very glad to hear you say that. You speak as a friend, of course, and I make all due deductions; still it's an immense comfort to be encouraged in this way. I wouldn't say a word to her, you know, until I had seen you and made sure of—of your approval."

It struck me that this was paying an unusually high tribute to the claims of friendship, but I knew that George had always had a greater respect for my opinion than it deserved, and I was quite ready to give him the benefit of it now. "If you approve of her, you may take it for granted that I shall," I declared, generously. "But I should be better able to judge of her, perhaps, if you were to tell me her name."

"Eh?—her name?" ejaculated George, with a most chap-fallen air. "I thought you understood. Why, who could it be, you know? Of course—of *course* it's Maud—Miss Dennison, I mean."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF GERMAN-AMERICANISM.

Two hundred years ago, or early in October, 1683, the good ship *Concord*, nearly ten weeks out from London, entered the Delaware River, and on the 6th of that month came to anchor in front of the embryo city of Philadelphia. From her was landed a colony of thirty-three German immigrants, the first band of that vast army from the father-land, which now numbers five million souls, or one-tenth of the population of the United States. These first German-Americans, upon disembarking from their *Mayflower*, were welcomed by their leader, Francis Daniel Pastorious, who had come over ten months earlier to prepare the way for them; and under his direction they established themselves upon the fertile hill-sides and in the valleys watered by the Wissahickon and Wingohocking creeks, about eight miles from the newly founded town of Philadelphia. From William Penn himself the tract of country occupied by them received the name of German Township.

The coming of these Germans from the valley of the Rhine, and the founding of the State to which they and their descendants have given so distinctive a character, were almost contemporaneous events, for they arrived two years after William Penn had been granted proprietary rights by royal charter, fifteen months after the first location of the city of Philadelphia, and eleven months after the arrival of the founder himself. They came by direct invitation of William Penn, who had encountered the peculiar sect of Mennonites to which they belonged when travelling in Germany some years before. The similarity of their tenets to those of the English Quakers had attracted him to them, and when he was in the position to extend to the Old the hospitality of the New World, these Mennonites were among the first to receive and to accept his invitation.

Last week the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of this little colony of Pastorious was celebrated by German-Americans in all parts of the country, but particularly in those centres of German population, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Newark, New Jersey. In the former place the event celebrated was made more real by the historic surroundings and associations everywhere encountered in that portion of the city known as Germantown. Among these, illustrations are shown on page 660 of the "1698 House," the oldest in Germantown; the "Ship House," which, over one of its gable windows, bears the cast of a ship under full sail, supposed to represent the *Concord;* and the "Concord School-House," erected in 1775.

The three days' celebration of the German bi-centennial, which was begun on Saturday the 6th inst., culminated on Monday the 8th in grand processions, the ranks of which were swelled by almost the entire adult male German population of the several cities in which they were formed.

The Philadelphia procession contained ten thousand men, and was divided into eight divisions, of which the first, or "Historic," was full of capitally conceived and ingeniously prepared effects. One of the several "floats," upon which the tableaux were grouped, bore the representation of the first rude log-house of the German settlers. Upon another was seen a printing establishment of the last century. In it a master and his apprentices set up the clumsy type, inked the cumbrous press, and slowly worked off the printed pages of the first Bible printed in the New World as Christopher Saur did in 1743. Between the floats were bodies of men on horseback or afoot, clad in the quaint costumes of past centuries. One group was dressed in the semi-military garb of the time of the Thirty Years' War. Lancers with steel helmets, heavily armed infantry bearing cross-bows and pikes, bodies of Continental troops in blue and buff with old flint-locks, Indians in war-paint and feathers, and many other quaintly uniformed and armed bodies of men made the historic division the most interesting of the entire procession.

In Newark the procession was nearly as long and as imposing as that of Philadelphia, and was viewed by throngs of many thousands. One wagon in the parade bore a flaming banner with the inscription,

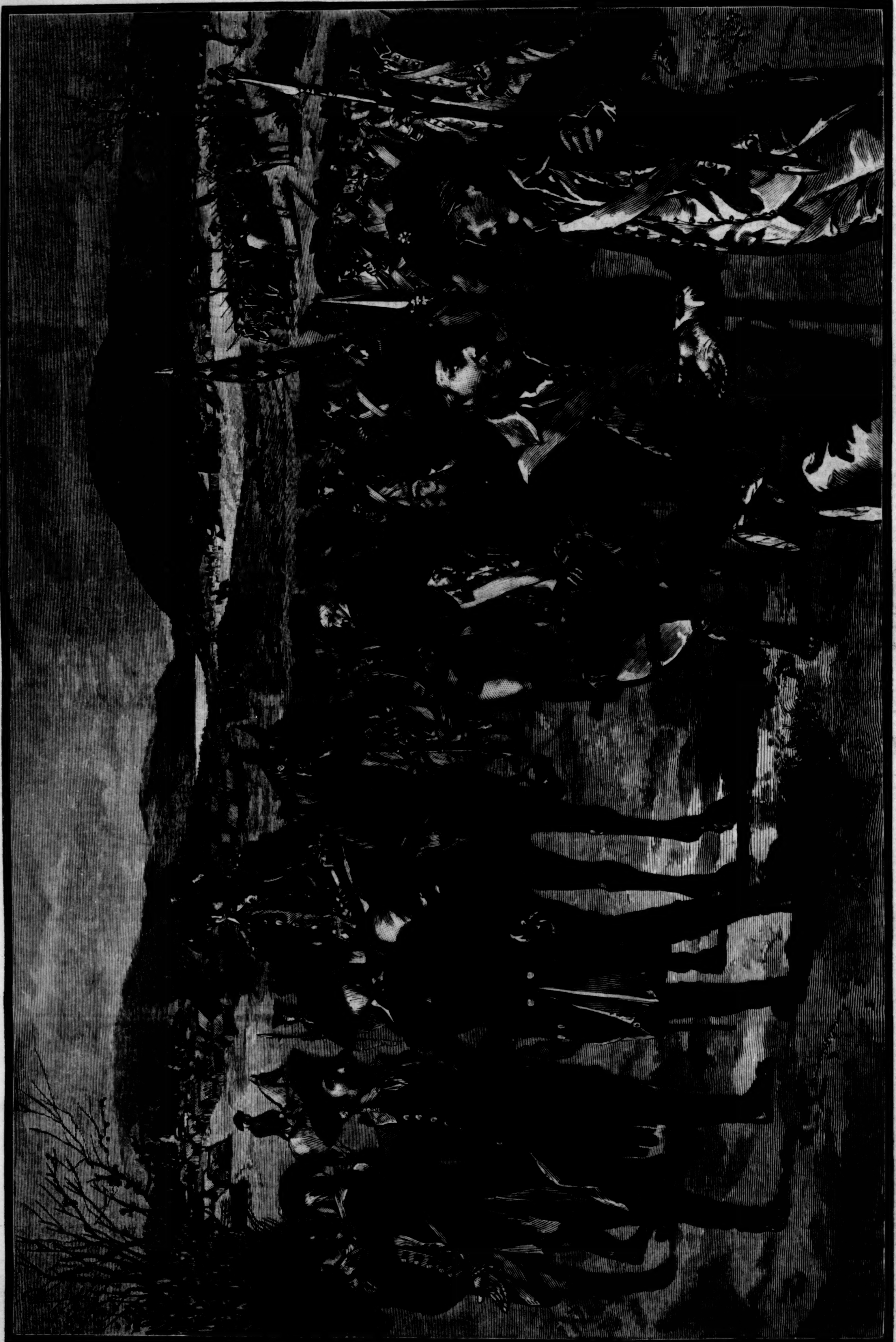
"1683 we Owned no Land.
1883 we Own One-third of the City."

Judging from appearances the Germans owned the entire city, for German faces, flags, and gutturals were seen and heard on all sides, to the exclusion of almost all other sights and sounds.

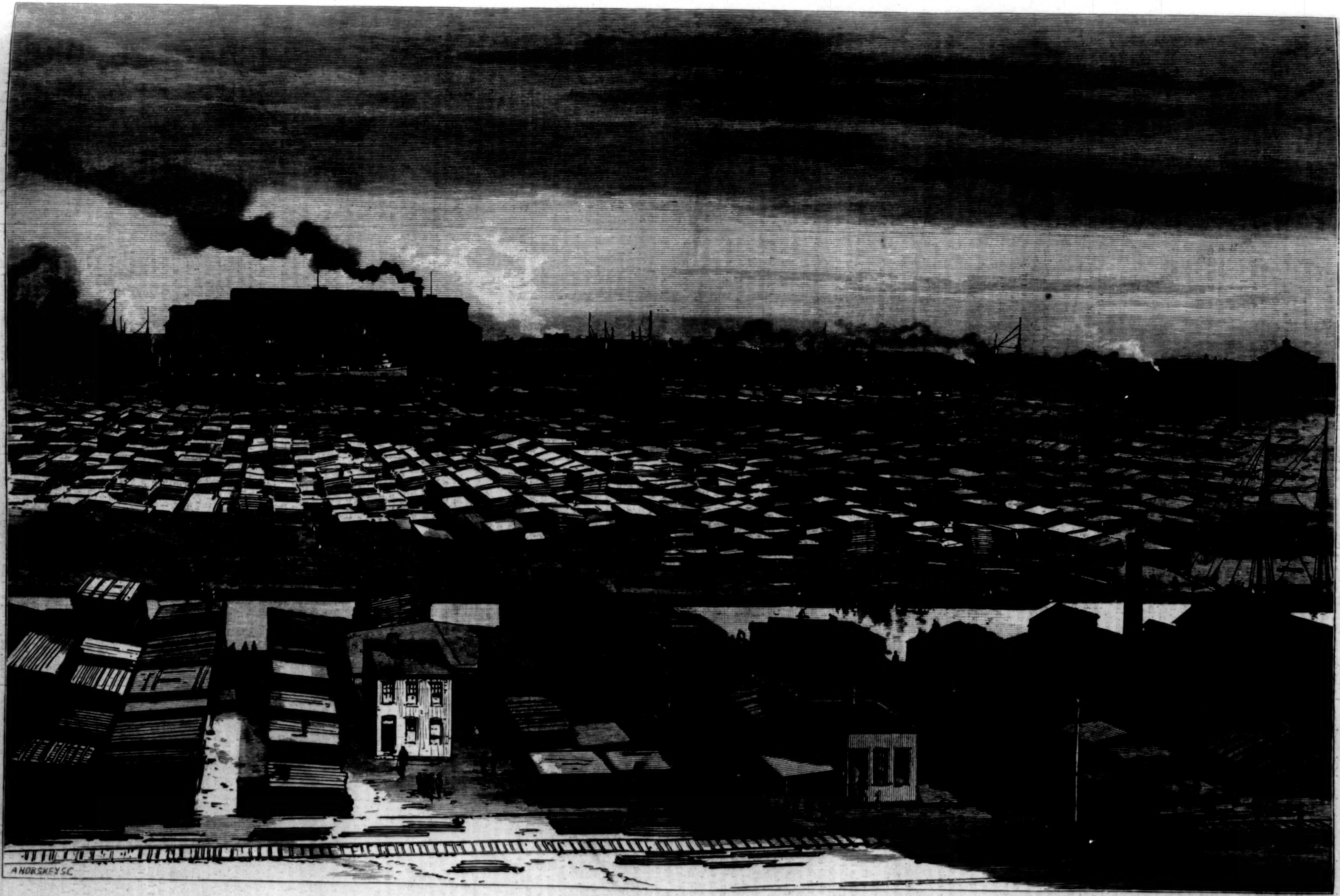
The various industries that German-Americans have virtually monopolized were displayed in detail in wagons. Of these a procession an eighth of a mile long was devoted to the process of beer-brewing, and exhibited every stage of the operation, from the gathering of hops to the drinking of the foaming beverage from huge tankards.

Historical tableaux represented William Penn gathering together a party of immigrants on the banks of the Rhine, the Moravian Brothers educating Indians, Pastorious declaring against slavery, Christopher Ludwig baking bread for Washington's army, Arion, Germania, and Columbia gossiping, and Washington, Steuben, and Lafayette fraternizing and drinking beer, as, according to the vivid German imagination, they must have done in days long gone by.

In Trenton, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Providence, Erie, and many other cities of the country the day was celebrated with processions, the firing of guns, speeches, general rejoicings, and an absolute suspension of business on the part of German-Americans, and many of their fellow-Americans of other nationalities.



DISBANDING THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, AT NEW WINDSOR, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1783.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY CENTENARY," PAGE 658.]


A. NORSKEY SC.

THE LUMBER DISTRICT OF CHICAGO—VIEW FROM THE WEST SIDE WATER-WORKS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 666.]

THE LUMBER INTERESTS OF CHICAGO.

On the southwestern border of Chicago is another city whose buildings are the blackened piles of lumber, and whose busiest highways are the passages between, just large enough to afford entrance for a wagon. Through this district flows the sluggish water of the South Branch of the Chicago River, its current changing direction with the wind, and its odors unvarying, except to grow a little more intolerable when some huge propeller is fast in the mud, and her own screw, aided by the tugs pulling at her, stirs up the oozy bottom.

Extending into the yards on either hand are long slips from which rise the graceful spars of the lumber schooners, or the stumpy and blackened masts of the barges. Some of these carry nearly a million feet of lumber. The "lumber shovers" who unload them wear a leather apron extending from the belt to the knees, and leather guards to protect the palms of their hands. During the cold, raw weather of early spring these men can be seen at work stripped to the waist, regardless of the freezing rain and the brisk lake winds which make such sad havoc with weak lungs.

Almost as far as the eye can distinguish objects through the smoky atmosphere the vast expanse is roofed with the sloping tops of the lumber piles. Here and there rises a planing-mill or sash factory, or more conspicuously the huge grain elevators, with their iron roofs and slate-covered sides. Tracks and sidings admit to the heart of the lumber district the locomotive with its string of cars of almost every road in the country, coming to be loaded with the rough lumber, packing boxes, or the finer manufactures of doors, stair rails, and the like. The trains make quite a study of color in the otherwise dingy prospect. Even the cars of the same lines are of different shades from varied exposure to the weather. The air resounds with the hum of the planing-mills, the snorting of the busy switch-engines, the jolting of the wagons on the corduroy roads, the rattling of tackles and the whistling of tugs on the river. Scores of chimneys and stacks fill the air with smoke, and the breeze carries with it the finer dust from the saw-mills, which finds snug lodgment in the eyes of the visitor, whose efforts for relief bedaub his cheeks with the damp soot deposited there.

Scattered about in other localities, generally along the river, are other yards, singly or in groups, aggregating as large an area as that of the "Lumber District" just described. Even at the mouth of the river, on artificial ground, the mills and lumber piles extend eastward half a mile or more beyond the site of the old Lighthouse and Fort Dearborn. The stock of lumber on hand varies from four to seven hundred million feet of sawed stuff and timber, one to three hundred million shingles, forty to seventy million laths, with pickets, cedar posts, etc., in proportion.

The shipments sometimes reach two hundred million feet of lumber and one hundred and fifty million shingles in a single month. The local trade amounts annually to over five hundred million feet.

The town of South Chicago, at the mouth of the Calumet River, twelve miles south, has extensive yards, and, according to the interested parties, bids fair to rival the present city in the future. Many of the citizens of Chicago wish the lumber trade was transferred entirely to the Calumet, for they look with apprehension upon the acres of dry lumber, and fear a repetition of the calamity of 1871. A fire getting good headway in this locality, if fanned by the strong southwest winds prevalent in the summer and fall, could hardly fail to destroy the city as completely as before, despite the efforts of what is called the most efficient Fire Department in the world.

The region which produces this enormous quantity of lumber extends along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan and half the length of the western side. Reaching far into the interior of the State are streams which bring down the logs rafted together to the saw-mills at the river mouths. These lumber towns along the shore are wooden to the last degree. Many are built upon piles driven into the sandy marshes, the buildings all frame, and even the roads made of sawdust, into which the foot sinks as though in dry sand. Their well water is frequently as yellow as saffron from the decaying wood through which it comes. It seems almost a miracle that any of the inhabitants should escape if one of the forest fires which occasionally sweep through the lumber regions attacked their town. No provision is being made to perpetuate the forests, but they are being cut down right and left, making it only a question of time when the white-pine timber will be as rare as rose-wood. As a gentleman connected with the lumber interest remarked, "We are doing nothing for posterity except to decree that they shall not build wooden houses."

The lumber is brought to the Chicago market chiefly by schooners, propellers, and barges, the latter being towed two or three at a time by powerful tugs. The receipts of lumber by rail, except from the south, are comparatively light, although the Chicagoans think it would make a comfortable business for what they facetiously call the "suburban towns," *viz.*, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and St. Louis. The immensity of the lumber business of Chicago can not be realized except by taking a drive through the lumber district, and spending an afternoon in the rooms of the Lumberman's Exchange, poring over the statistics compiled by the secretary. There are two hundred and twenty firms engaged either as brokers, manufacturers, or dealers in lumber. Last year one firm alone handled one hundred and twenty-five million feet, averaging in value about eighteen dollars a thousand.

Besides this trade in pine, the hard-wood lines are in increasing demand. The costly hard woods, domestic and imported, and the cheaper hard pine from Mississippi, form no inconsiderable item in the years receipts. During the last year the receipts of lumber at Chicago made a grand total of 2,676,757,842 feet, and 1,215,455,494 shingles. Of this, three hundred million feet were of hard wood. The long-leaf yellow pine, heavy almost as mahogany, and so pitchy that a sliver of it will burn like a taper, is rapidly growing in favor for interior work. Good selected stock has a beautifully figured grain, and when darkened a little by time is surpassed in effect by but few of the more expensive hard woods. The shipping trade in lumber from Chicago extends northwest, west, and south to the limits of the country, not always stopping there. Some of the lumber towns of Michigan are active competitors for the trade with the Eastern States; but, nevertheless, the city of railroads manages to forward a goodly amount into their markets.

Chicago, being in the centre of a vast system of water and rail transportation lines, is destined to become a larger dealer in lumber every year, although now the largest market for forest products in the world. The millionaire in the metropolis and the section hand on one of the new western railroads both buy the material for their homes from her yards. The boards for the farmers' fences and the ties on the road-bed of the railway which carried him to his Western home pass through the hands of the Chicago lumbermen. The forests of Michigan are still enormous, and the undeveloped West demands their wood. The trade is guaranteed for years to come, and fortunes await those who can skillfully conduct it.

James J. Wait.

THE VALLEY OF MATRIMONY.

There is no more thankless task that can fall to the lot of a middle-aged spinster with quiet tastes than that of engineering a young woman of any considerable personal attractions across Europe. The trouble began on the ocean steamer in the shape of a captain in the United States navy. At Paris it was a big Frenchman with a nature like that of a Newfoundland dog; at Marseilles it presented itself under the guise of a dreamy-eyed German; at Rome it was a silvery-tongued Italian; at Naples it concentrated itself in the most violent and virulent form in the person of a young American doctor.

Miss Sutherland was troubled with a cough—an entirely natural and appropriate thing to a young woman who exposed herself in all kinds of weathers on ship-board simply to know how the sea looked in a storm. The idea that that cough needed a physician's care was entirely preposterous; but, all the same, we had not been in Naples ten days before Miss Sutherland's lungs were as much an object of solicitude to Dr. Manning as if she had been in the last stages of consumption. What a delightful thing a cough is—one, that is, which is quite sufficiently slight, does not keep the sufferer awake at night, or otherwise interfere with the comfortable progress of existence! There was just enough reality to Miss Sutherland's cough to prevent her undertaking the fatigue of a journey up Vesuvius, but not sufficient to interfere with any number of small excursions to San Martino, Capo di Monte, or anywhere else that might be accomplished within a reasonable number of hours. That cough contributed to Miss Sutherland just the one element of attraction she did not need. The rather firmly set lips took on quite a gentle piteous expression when the irritated throat was trying to relieve itself by a fit of coughing; a slight fever gave the usually colorless cheeks and clear eyes a brilliancy, and the exhaustion that followed reduced the young lady from her usual attitude of sturdy independence to a most fascinating condition of womanly weakness.

It very soon came to be understood that Miss Sutherland's carelessness in regard to her health, her ignorance, and mine also, of Neapolitan *patois*, the viciousness of donkeys, and the cupidity of guides, made a male escort almost a necessity in the neighborhood of Naples. Whether the necessity grew out of the ready provision to meet it, or the provision out of the necessity, it is not worth while to argue. Judging from the independence of other lady travellers, the former theory seems the more tenable. During the first of these excursions Miss Sutherland had something of a body-guard about her. Three or four hands at least were put out to help her over every rock and up every height. Presently the number was reduced to one. Dr. Manning had, in fact, assumed the same jurisdiction over the rest of Miss Sutherland's movements that he did over the cough. That ailment had been his especial charge from the beginning, and he seemed to be rapidly assuming the responsibility of whatever else appertained to the young lady. Matters had been in this shape for about a month when it became apparent that something had begun to go wrong. By using the united intelligence and experience that have fallen to my lot I arrived at the conclusion that as Miss Sutherland had regained her health she desired to discharge her physician. I was not prepared, however, for the manner in which she undertook to do it. The plan was revealed in the simple announcement that she intended to change her quarters to the island of Capri.

Unhappily my relations to Miss Sutherland are such that for me to hear is to obey. I looked at the bleak mass of rock from my window and shuddered, it being February, and the vaunted climate of Italy being in fact as chill as an English May. The effect of the announcement upon me was, however, mild to that which it produced upon Dr. Manning. They were sitting very quietly when it came—she half buried in a big armchair, he playing with the tassels of her shawl.

"Agnes!"—it was a daring venture that with her first name—"you are not going over on that bleak rock? It will be absolutely dangerous for you. As your physician I will not allow it."

Now at this moment the doctor had an advantage. Had he pushed it, dainty Miss Sutherland, with her assumptions of dignity and firmly carved mouth, would have yielded that point and the rest. He blundered, for he added, very softly, "Don't go, dear."

I left the room. I always do at this stage. Miss Sutherland is a thorough American in regard to her lovers. An English or a French girl would have fled after me. The young lady in question thought it quite proper that I should retire. The matter in question was quite personal to herself, and required no interference from outside parties. The doctor went on blundering unquestionably; for an hour later, when she came into my room, we had the following conversation:

"Well?"

"Yes."

"Again?"

"I believe so." This with a yawn, after which, to all appearance, her whole attention was given to getting the hair-pins out of her hair.

Capri is a beautiful island. The old Romans had good taste, and Tiberius built twelve villas on it wherein to amuse himself during leisure hours. At the same time middle-aged women will get the rheumatism in damp places. We had not taken more than a dozen donkey-rides, ascended Mount Solario, and made the trip to Anacapri, when certain twinges in my joints warned me of the probability of being laid up six weeks in a little *pension* perched on one of the steepest rocks in the Mediterranean. My experienced eyes also informed me that Miss Sutherland was not precisely herself. My diagnosis of the case was soon made out to my own satisfaction. She was trying to live up to the lines of her mouth, and at the same time giving way round the heart. The doctor's stupidity had undoubtedly cost him a rejection. But when a young lady flees to an almost desert island to avoid the proximity of an obnoxious suitor, and then spends most of her time gazing across the sea in the direction where he is supposed to be, it may explain the matter perfectly to say that she is admiring Vesuvius; but if it does, the person who accepts the explanation has not much experience of young women.

Is there anything in this world much more excruciating than an attack of inflammatory rheumatism? This was precisely what Miss Sutherland's caprices in regard to her lovers had brought me to. For two weeks I lay upon my bed a hideous mass of red flannel, racked with pain, and hating Capri with the intensity of one of the captives of old Tiberius. During this time Miss Sutherland developed into one of the gentlest and tenderest nurses that ever took care of the victim of her own imprudence. The process of torture was going on, six weeks being the alleged period for the inflammatory demon to hold sway, when one morning the familiar face of Dr. Manning appeared above my bed. For two minutes I positively lost sight of the pain in my joints to wonder if he had been sent for. Miss Sutherland took the very first opportunity to inform me that he had not. We were indebted for his presence to the fact that some residents of Capri had told him that both the English ladies at the *pension* were ill, the elder one very ill.

If anything will alleviate the pangs of acute rheumatism it is having two young people about one both of whom are clearly in love with each other, while each is ready to die rather than make the first sign. The attitude of the doctor was magnificent. He had clearly come to Capri to save if possible the lives of two women imperiled by the abominable willfulness of one. His recovery from the effect of Miss Sutherland's fascinations appeared to be complete. He administered a cough mixture which nauseated the young lady, but took no further interest in her ailments. Me he nursed with an enthusiasm and devotion not to be described. I doubt if any rheumatic spinster in red flannel was ever so cared for before. For four weeks I was the object of the most assiduous attentions from two young people scarcely on speaking terms with each other. At the end of two weeks more I was able to walk about. Another fortnight and I was pronounced able to ride a donkey. By this time it might have been supposed that as Dr. Manning felt no interest whatever in Miss Sutherland, the attendance of a physician might have been dispensed with. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts had just married a man forty years younger than herself, to be sure, but the case was not parallel. Nobody on earth would have imagined for a moment that the doctor was in love with me.

There is nothing to do at Capri but make excursions on donkeys. My return to health was to be celebrated by a donkey excursion, and the arrangements for it finally brought out from the doctor that after the day was over he would betake himself to Naples. Up to this time Miss Sutherland's imperturbability had been almost equal to that of her lover. This announcement brought a feverish color to her cheeks, and from the magnificent repose of her usual manner she took to exhibiting what in an elderly woman would have been described as "fidgets."

The objective point of our excursion was the villa of Tiberius that is in the best repair. There is a great choice of them, each one more like a mass of dilapidated brick cellars than the last. We started on a sunny morning, on two of the most obstinate and refractory donkeys that Capri produces. The doctor preferred to walk, which he did by my side. Each donkey was conducted by a peasant woman with immense ear-rings and no shoes. Now to these creatures had been given the directions by an obliging landlady to take us through the most beautiful portion of the island to the villa. The donkey woman of Capri is an indescribable mixture of man, woman, and beast. They are as strong as men, as loquacious as women, as stupid and obstinate as their own donkeys. In this instance, however, they did as they were bid.

We had been riding an hour or more, Miss Sutherland in advance, and the doctor with his hand on my saddle, exhibiting all the devotion that a young man naturally feels toward a wrinkled spinster of fifty, when there was a halt on the part of the donkeys, and a chorus from the women: "Signora! signora! Val di Matrimonio, signora! val di Matrimonio!"

Miss Sutherland had not caught the words, and indignant at the additional outburst of *patois*, inquired: "What is the matter with them? Is it anything extraordinary?"

I have a wholesome terror of Miss Sutherland's moods, but the doctor had apparently survived his, for he answered, very coolly, "We are apparently upon the verge of the 'Valley of Matrimony,' and the donkey women are calling our attention to the fact."

There was a silence that under the circumstances was painful. Miss Sutherland tried to look dignified from the top of her donkey—an impossible thing even for her. The doctor succeeded without trying in looking savagely bitter from his position at the tail of mine.

To relieve the situation I opened Baedeker.

"'The so-called Val di Mitromania, sometimes called Matrimony by the islanders, descends eastward to the sea at the base of the Tuoro Grande.'"

"Ah," said the doctor, "it certainly does descend eastward."

I went on:

"'The Grotto di Mitromania, or Grotto of Mithras, a shrine of the Persian god of the sun, to which one hundred and thirty steps descend—'"

This time Miss Sutherland was ready with a remark.

"We must see the grotto, by all means."

To this I objected on the score of the one hundred and thirty steps, and the doctor agreed with me.

I shall always think that it was the peculiarly chilly and disagreeable tone of the doctor's voice that sent Miss Sutherland so precipitately toward the brow of the hill. In half a moment she was off her donkey and explaining in her choicest Italian to a group of women and small boys that she would not have either their assistance or their company in descending the ragged steps. The peasants shook their heads doubtfully, and shrieked, half in warning, half in fury, at being disappointed of their soldi. The doctor never moved a muscle, and in two minutes more the girl was out of sight. By way of relief to his mind and my own nerves, we began to discourse eloquently on Italian scenery. Finally the subject could not be avoided any longer.

"Doctor," said I, "find out if you can from these women how long it ought to take to descend to that grotto and come back again."

The labor of this investigation was dreadful. The doctor talked and the women screamed. Time enough was consumed to have lost a dozen lives, when he announced as the result of his struggles that Miss Sutherland should have returned long ago.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, "that girl has broken her neck."

"Well!"

"Well!" I shrieked. "Is it possible you don't care anything about it?"

"On the contrary, I am rather pleased at such an appropriate *dénouement*. She has broken my heart, nearly lost you your life, and what could possibly be more suitable than for her to finish by breaking her own neck?"

This was a pretty speech from a man in love!

"Will you go down and look for her?"

"Certainly, if you will go with me. We shall probably find her sitting on a rock politely indifferent to our feelings, and meditating on her next new bonnet."

He positively declined to go unless I went with him. Further solicitude on Miss Sutherland's behalf it was not in Dr. Manning's programme to bestow. Hand in hand, and assisted by a sturdy peasant woman, we scrambled down that horrible precipice. The shrine of the Persian god, a cave with arches and walls of brick, was passed, but no sign of Miss Sutherland's presence.

Presently, looking over a small cliff, we saw the young woman half sitting, half lying, on a rock.

"Is anything the matter?" the doctor called out.

"No, nothing—not exactly." The words were exactly those Miss Sutherland would have liked to utter in her firmest tone. The tone she did utter them in was one that denoted an agony of suppressed pain.

The doctor heard it quite as well as I did, but he did not move.

"Will you come up, or shall I come down to you?"

By this time we could see the white drawn face. The doctor took two steps forward and stopped.

Miss Sutherland, Spartan that she was, had borne all she could bear. Both arms were stretched out, and the weakest kind of a voice answered:

"I can not come. Come to me."

There was really "nothing—not exactly" the matter with Miss Sutherland but a broken ankle and a dislocated shoulder.

What a piece of work it was carrying her up that dreadful hill! And how ever did we manage to get her all the way back to the *pension* without killing her? Tears stood in the doctor's eyes as he handed her first to one and then the other of the stout peasants that helped him with his burden. That was the only sign of weakness on either part.

The doctor manages his wife: there is no doubt about that. Just precisely what system of discipline was inaugurated among the lemon groves of Capri, when Miss Sutherland's ankle was fully mended and her shoulder settled in its rightful place, I don't pretend to understand. It is all very well for him, but as for me, when I undertake my next charge, I hope she will be a commonplace young person with red hair and cross-eyed.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE seventy-third anniversary of Mexican independence was celebrated on the 16th of September. The festivities in the city of Mexico were unusually brilliant, and the military display was one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it.

Mexico has seen many changes since September, 1810, when the brave little parish priest MIGUEL HIDALGO, with his small band of patriots, made a stand for liberty and freedom from Spanish tyranny in Dolores, a little out-of-the-way town in the State of Guanajuato. Poor HIDALGO was captured and shot for his pains, but the fire he had kindled blazed higher and higher. When the Spanish armies trampled it to ashes in one place, it sprang forth with renewed energy in another. It was the liberty of the New World combating the Old World rule of kings, and there was only one way in which it could end. Eleven years after HIDALGO's small beginning, what was left of the Spanish forces sailed away eastward, and Mexico was left to build up its republic. It has had a very hard time of it, for its population has not been an easy one to control. The building went on slowly—indeed, it fell over occasionally into an empire—but the true spirit has always lived, and the result is that to-day Mexico stands firm as a large and flourishing republic, with liberal institutions, an extensive free-school system, and a rapidly increasing mercantile prosperity.

Free education is one of the strongest foundations for national welfare, and in this particular Mexico deserves the highest praise. MR. BISHOP, in his admirable book on *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*, recently published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, says: "Education is found to be provided for in a manner that awakens admiration and surprise. The primary schools are least looked after, but the pupils who pass through these with a disposition to go further have an array of advantages open to them at the capital superior to anything of a parallel sort in the United States. The government maintains national schools, respectively, of engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, mechanic arts, and trades (for both sexes), a Conservatory of Music, an Academy of Fine Arts, and a library provided with an edifice that New York well might envy. The schools are open without money and without price to all, and there are even funds to provide board, lodging, and pocket-money for students from a distance, who are selected on easy conditions.

"The principal text-books in the higher schools are studied in French or English, and the recitations are conducted in the same languages; so that, what is so rare with us, graduates emerge from these schools very tolerable linguists without ever having been out of their own country."

The writer remembers an incident which occurred in a small Mexican city several years since. A measure was before the Common Council for the improvement and better lighting of the Zócalo, or public square. The measure was finally voted down because there was not sufficient means at hand to carry it out without encroaching on the school fund, and on no account must that be touched. The schools in question were scattered over quite a large district, and were attended for the most part by Indian children. They were well sustained in all departments. I have often talked with the Indians in that locality, and have been astonished at their intelligence. The Indian is Mexico's greatest problem, and education appears to be the quickest way of solving it.

This Indian population, vastly outnumbering the whites, adds a strangely picturesque element to holiday festivities, for these dark-skinned people, despite their solemn countenance, have a keen love of excitement and display. Independence-day celebration in Mexico city begins at midnight; and at that hour on September 15, while bells were ringing, cannon firing, and the President and other public officials were marching to the great meeting in the National Theatre, the Zócalo in front of the cathedral presented a curious sight. There were gathered Indians of all ages, whole families who had tramped in from distant parts of the valley to be on hand at daybreak that they might not lose even the booming of the sunrise cannon. Grouped around blazing pine-knot fires, built in pans balanced on tripods, they talked in their own wild language, ate tortillas, strummed guitars, sang and danced, while the flickering flame threw fantastic light on their forms enveloped in *serapes* and *rebozos*, until, overcome by sleep and *pulque*, they sank down in heaps on the pavement.

At sunrise on the morning of the 16th all Mexico city was awake, preparing for the day. Bells rang from every tower, cannon thundered, and the green, white, and red banner floated from every balcony and house-top. Troops of soldiers paraded the street with bands of music. By nine o'clock the square in front of the palace was crowded with military. Officers mounted on magnificent horses, gayly caparisoned, dashed up and down; Indians crowded around by thousands; Indian women squatted on the curb-stone before little furnaces, frying spoonfuls of mince-meat and pepper rolled up in a tortilla, or, with a bright-eyed pappoose strapped on their back, rushed from one side of the street to the other between the files of soldiers, like cows before a railroad train. At length the President passed from the palace to the grand stand in the Zócalo, while cannons saluted, and the cathedral bells rang a merry chime. There were speeches, reading of poems, and music. The crowd surged to and fro. Finally a movement ran through the long line of infantry, and the procession began to march. Fine military bands, composed for the most part of Indians, struck up inspiring strains. Noticeable in the ranks were the artillery, with howitzers mounted on sturdy little donkeys capable of scaling the steepest mountain passes; the cadets from the military school at Tacubaya, handsome young fellows in neat dark uniforms, with black nodding plumes on their hats; the ambulance corps, the cavalry, and, most prominent of all, the Rurales, or country guard, which are perhaps the finest body of cavalry in the world. They are all picked countrymen, men born on horseback, and they stride their spirited chargers like centaurs. MR. BISHOP says: "The Rurales have something in their cut—the buff leather jackets, crossed by ample sword belts, the wide gray felt hats—of the troopers of CROMWELL. Each has a rifle in his holster at the saddle-bow, and a gray and scarlet blanket strapped behind him. Nothing could be more spirited in color than these costumes dismounted beside a cactus-tree, or thrown out against the blue of distant mountains."

It is said that when these Rurales were organized by PORFIRIO DIAZ, with the special object of breaking up the bandit hordes which made travelling in the country at that time a thing of terror, the wily chief selected the leaders and many of the men from among these same bandits. Fed and clothed by government, and set to guard the very roads where they themselves had been the depredators, they were bound in honor to keep the peace, for every robbery which might occur it would be a sign of weakness on their part not to have prevented. However this may be, it is a fact that since the organization of the Rurales highway robberies in the rural districts have been few and insignificant.

As the procession winds in front of the cathedral, and gradually vanishes among the crowd in Plateros Street, one follows it, seeing as in a dream other crowds than this peaceful assemblage of 1883. Over this same ground, and following this same direction, rushed CORTEZ and his men in their terrible rout from the Aztec capital, followed by crowds of hooting Indians, whose descendants crowd the streets to-day. Later on—two centuries later—Plateros Street became the residence, by government decree, of the workers in precious metals, and received the name which it still bears, signifying plate-workers, and here are still clustered the richer jewelers' shops of the country. Up this street rode General SCOTT, galloping in from Chapultepec to take possession of the government buildings after the final defeat of the Mexican forces in 1847. And in the church of the Profesa, built a hundred years before the time of HIDALGO, how many stormy meetings have taken place, how many "plans" and "pronunciamientos" have been matured!

It is to be hoped that these troublous days are over forever for Mexico, and that for all coming time Plateros Street will remain, as it is now, a brilliant thoroughfare, where jewels glisten in the shop windows, where peaceful processions parade in gorgeous array, and where crowds of fair dames go a-shopping, or drive in handsome carriages on their way to the afternoon promenade.

HELEN S. CONANT.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE OF HISTORY.

IN these days, when Italy is believed to have entered into a strong alliance offensive and defensive with Germany and Austria, a peculiar interest attaches to a hitherto unpublished letter of the Count Cavour, giving a detailed account of his interviews with Louis Napoleon, just before the war of 1859. This important and piquant recital is given in the *Perseveranza* of Milan. It is printed in French, and was probably written in that tongue, and bears date at Baden, the 24th of July, 1858. The Count Cavour and the Emperor of the French met at Plombières, in the Vosges; their first conversation lasted from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., and at 4 it was renewed in the course of a drive, in which the Emperor held the reins himself over "a pair of American horses." At the moment of Cavour's entrance in the morning the Emperor plunged *in medias res*, with a declaration which a quarter of a century later conveys a striking impression of the peculiar faith which this sovereign considered himself bound to observe.

"He began," writes the Count, "by saying that he had decided to support Sardinia with all his power in a war against Austria, provided that the war should be undertaken for a cause that was not revolutionary, and that could be justified in the eyes of the diplomacy, and still more of the public opinion, of Europe and of France." On this invitation Cavour entered on "the search for this cause." He suggested Austrian evasion of the commercial treaty with Sardinia. The Emperor found the pretext insufficient "for a war destined to change the map of Europe." The Count then brought forward certain claims of illegal extension of Austrian power in Italy. The Emperor said they had been produced and ignored in the Congress of Paris in 1856. "My position," the Count says, "was becoming embarrassing. I had nothing else very definite to suggest. The Emperor came to my rescue, and we set ourselves to running over all the Italian states, hunting for this cause of war so difficult to find. After having traversed the whole peninsula, we got, almost without suspecting it, to Massa and Carrara, and there we discovered what we had been looking for with so much ardor." The inhabitants of these provinces, subjects of the Duke of Modena, were to be incited to present their grievances. Victor Emanuel should support them in "a haughty and menacing note." The Duke, relying on Austria, would respond "in an impertinent manner." The King would occupy Massa, and "the war would commence." The Emperor thought that such a commencement of the conflict would be popular not only in France, but in Europe and England, "since, rightly or wrongly, the Duke of Modena was looked upon as the scapegoat (*bouc émissaire*) of despotism."

After this charmingly frank arrangement, the Count and Emperor proceeded to "regulate the future of Italy" by a plan which was not carried out, and which it is not necessary to describe. "Afterward," says Cavour, "the Emperor asked me what France should have, and if your Majesty would cede Savoy and Nice." The Count thought France "might have" Savoy, but that it would violate "the principle of nationalities" to turn over Nice. "Thereupon the Emperor caressed his mustaches several times, and contented himself with adding that these were for him secondary questions, which there would be plenty of time to consider."

The afternoon interview was taken up mainly with the proposed marriage of the Prince Napoleon to the Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel. The King had received it with hesitation on account of the Prince's bad reputation. The Count in his letter argues strongly in his favor, and quoting the Emperor's remark that the Prince was "better than his reputation, and had a very good heart," remarks: "That his heart is good there is unanswerable proof in the constancy he has shown toward his friends and toward his mistresses." This droll plea for a suitor for the hand of a young princess throws a flood of light on the Count's remark, "History shows that princesses are exposed to the danger of a sad life." Happily there is now no Emperor who can, and no King of Italy who need, be party to such negotiations as Cavour's letter describes.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WITH the departure of the summer residents of Newport comes the return of a winter resident of many seasons. For ten years an old sea-gull that has come to be known as Dick has made his appearance early in October at the light-ship. He remains all winter, gets his food on board the ship, and disappears in the spring. Nobody knows where Dick spends his summers.

Writing of the departure of President Arthur from Newport, a correspondent says: "We have a very novel and beautiful way of saluting Presidents and distinguished guests. Yesterday there were twenty-two torpedo explosions at the naval station in the harbor. Some of these threw a column of water at least two hundred feet in the air. It is a very grand sight, especially at night, with the electric light thrown on the water."

The Toronto *Globe* finds in a list of the millionaires of New York the name of one who used to be a printer in the office of that paper at a dollar and twenty-five cents a week.

Mrs. Bode, of Milwaukee, sued her neighbor, Mr. Mehler, for the value of a gold ring which a tame raven belonging to him stole from a bench on which she had laid it while washing in her back yard. When the papers were served on Mr. Mehler he asked the constable, "Vy dond you got dot pird taken to shail?" He was finally convinced that he was responsible for the bird's conduct, and he paid the woman for the ring, and settled the costs of the action.

It is said that banjo-playing is to be more fashionable this winter than ever before, and that the popularity of the accomplishment promises to open a field in which superannuated negro minstrels will find occupation as instructors.

A writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* confesses himself puzzled by the question why the designation of "moonshiner" is applied to "our wayward countryman who persistently evades the law, eludes the exciseman, and bereaves the Treasury." The operations of the moonshiner are never conducted by the light of the moon; indeed, there are seasons when the lunar influence is supposed to confuse his chemistry, sour his sweet-mash, and destroy the most valued properties of his popular product. It is probable that he is called a moonshiner for the same reason that has fastened the designation "moonlighter" to the individual in the petroleum regions whose occupation is the illicit explosion of glycerine in the depths of oil wells in evasion of the patent laws. The moonlighter's aversion to moonlight is second only to his dislike for sunlight.

There are those who complain because the president of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia wrote "your lordship" and "lord" twenty times in two brief notes to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, one inviting him to a reception, and the other begging that he will consult his own convenience in naming the day.

Protab Mazoomdar, a learned gentleman from India, who is receiving the hospitalities of Boston, is quoted as having said that the memorials which the English would leave in that country, should they ever depart, "would be beer bottles in the Himalayas, and half-burned stumps of cigars in the valleys."

It is authoritatively denied by a Roman Catholic organ in the West that Sitting Bull has come to the conclusion that he can not give up one of his wives as a condition of his being received into the Catholic Church. A bishop avers that that battered child of the wilderness is "still under instruction," and that he hopes soon to have the pleasure of receiving him as a full-fledged convert. It is not stated whether there is to be a special dispensation in respect to his domestic arrangements.

For the past three months the Japanese Minister in Washington has been leading a very secluded life, and it is said that he is a victim of genuine homesickness.

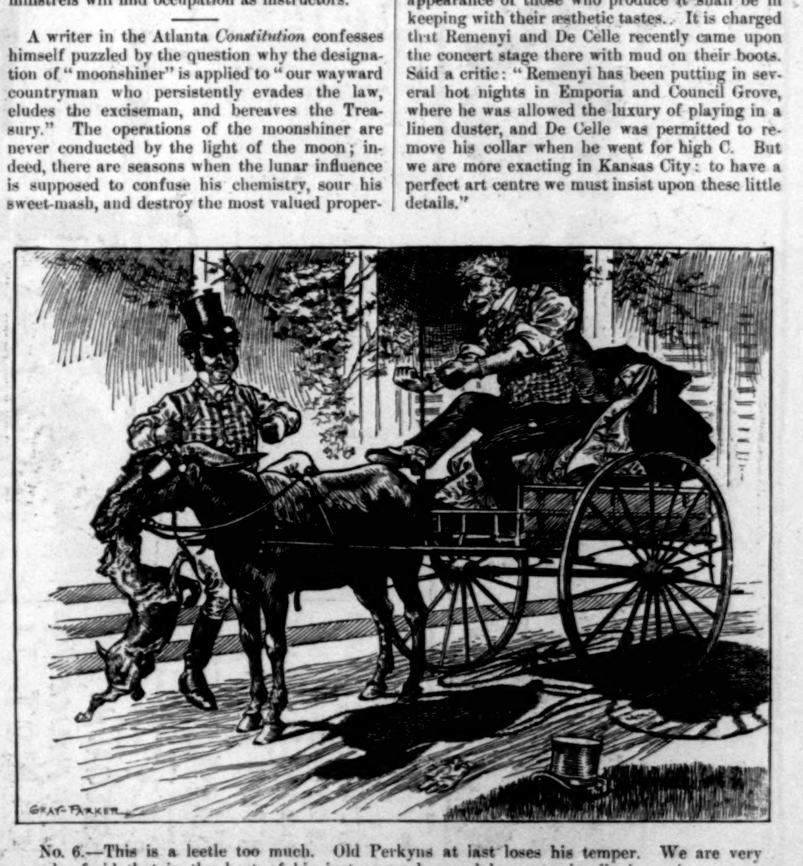
Ruskin characterizes the making of "love matches" as "mob courtship," and says there are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the method.

The bi-centennial of the first arrival of Germans in North America was not celebrated in New York, although the German population here is larger than in any other city in the world excepting two. One of the speakers at the jubilee in Philadelphia recalled Pepys's description of the mother of William Penn—"a well-looked, fat, short, old Dutch woman, but one that hath been pretty handsome, and, I believe, hath more wit than her husband."

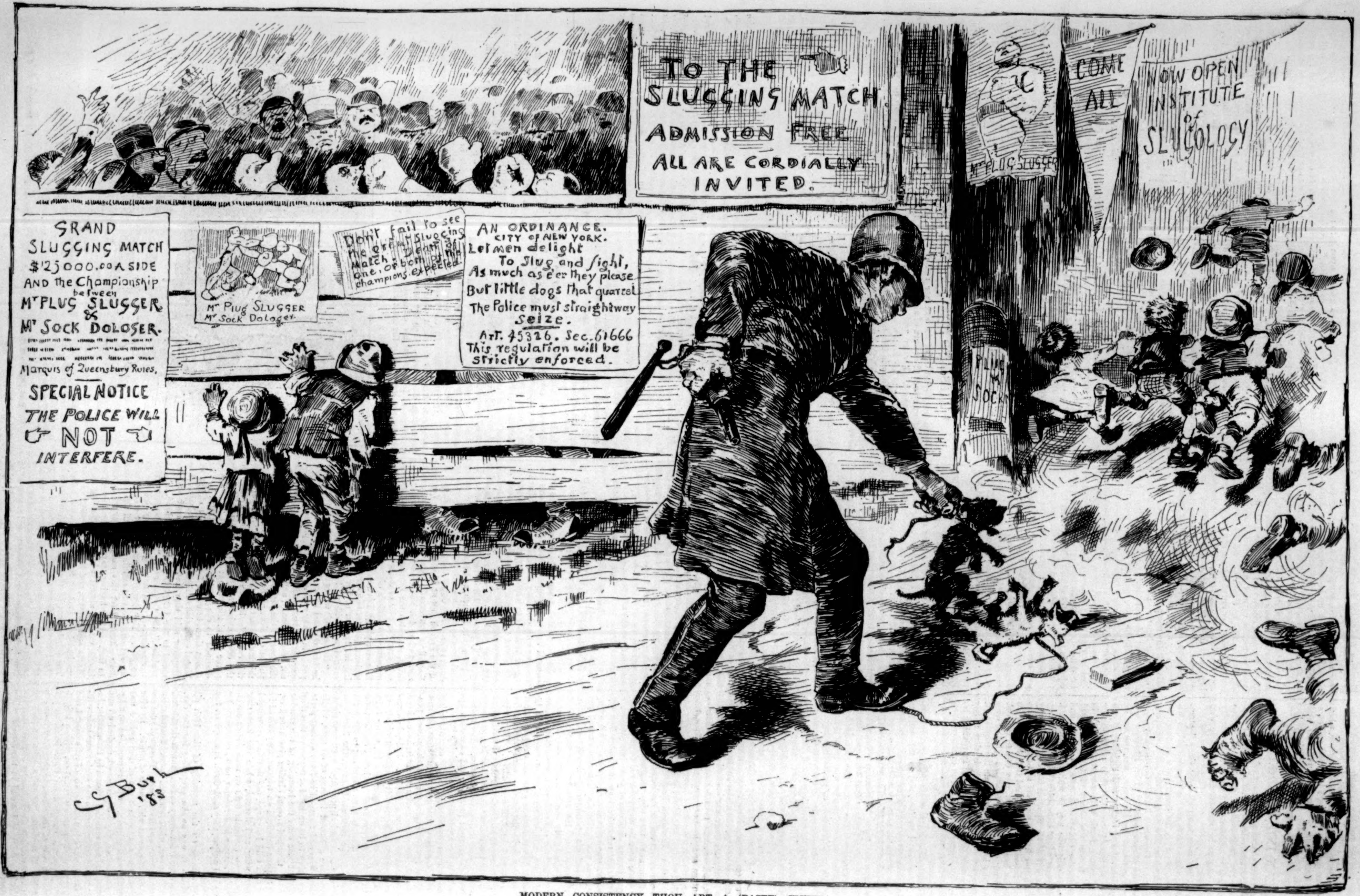
It has been discovered that at the close of the Revolution George Washington was a good man, and weighed two hundred and nine pounds.

The Commissioner of Education has prepared a table which shows the number of men twenty-one years old, or older, in the Southern States who have not learned to write. The figures afford opportunity for interesting comparisons as to the relative illiteracy of the white and black races. In Missouri there are 40,655 white men who can not write, and 19,028 colored men whose education is similarly deficient. The figures for Kentucky are, 54,956 white and 43,177 colored; for Tennessee, 46,948 white and 58,601 colored; and for Texas, 33,085 white and 59,669 colored. In the other Southern States the figures make a better showing relatively for the white citizens.

The music-loving people of Kansas City insist not only that the music which they hear shall be up to their standard of excellence, but that the appearance of those who produce it shall be in keeping with their æsthetic tastes. It is charged that Remenyi and De Celle recently came upon the concert stage there with mud on their boots. Said a critic: "Remenyi has been putting in several hot nights in Emporia and Council Grove, where he was allowed the luxury of playing in a linen duster, and De Celle was permitted to remove his collar when he went for high C. But we are more exacting in Kansas City: to have a perfect art centre we must insist upon these little details."



No. 6.—This is a leetle too much. Old Perkyns at last loses his temper. We are very much afraid that in the heat of his just anger he used language hardly becoming a man so dignified and of so mild a disposition.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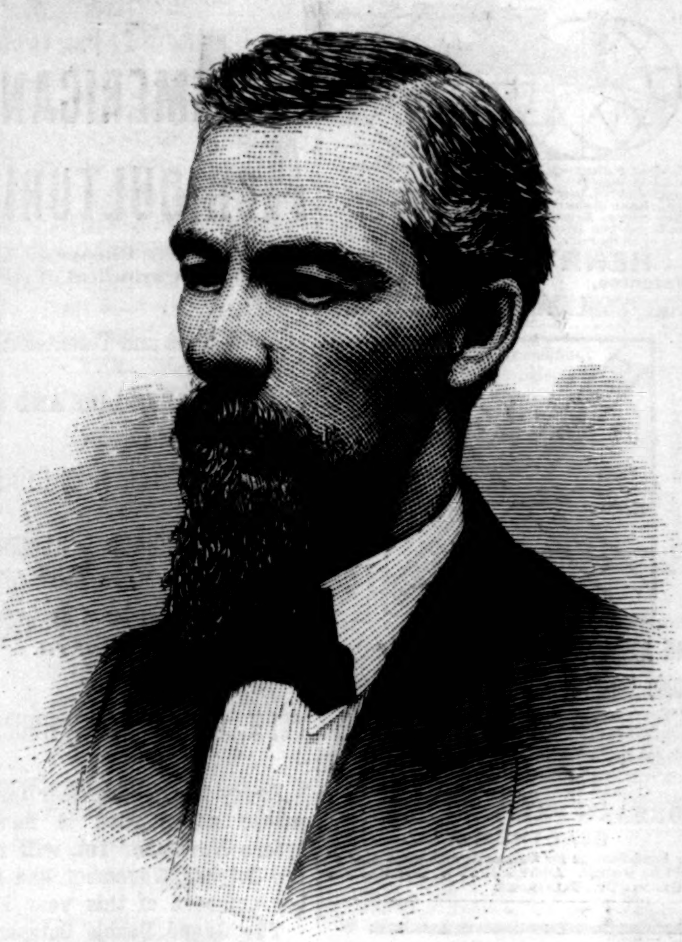
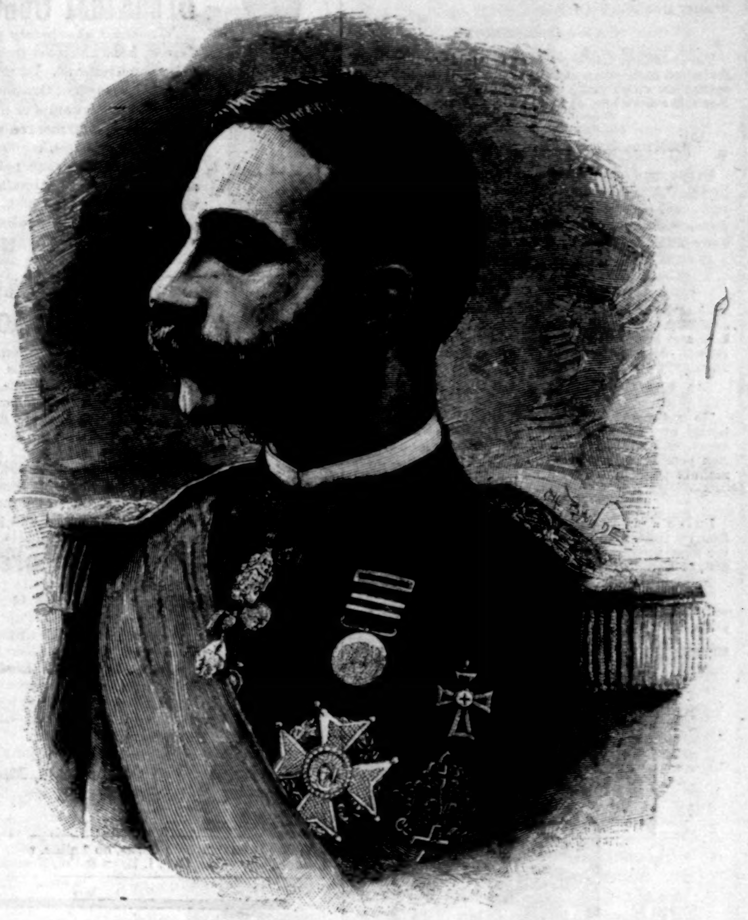
C. G. Bush '83

MODERN CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A (PASTE) JEWEL.

Chorus of Street Arabs. "Cheese it!"



THE HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF IOWA.



ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE IOWA ELECTION.

The Hon. Buren R. Sherman, who has been re-elected Governor of Iowa by a Republican plurality of from 25,000 to 30,000, is one of the self-made men of the West. He springs from good Eastern stock, and owes much to the qualities inherited from honorable parentage and the habits of industry formed early in life. He is a native of New York, born in Phelps, Ontario County, May 28, 1836.

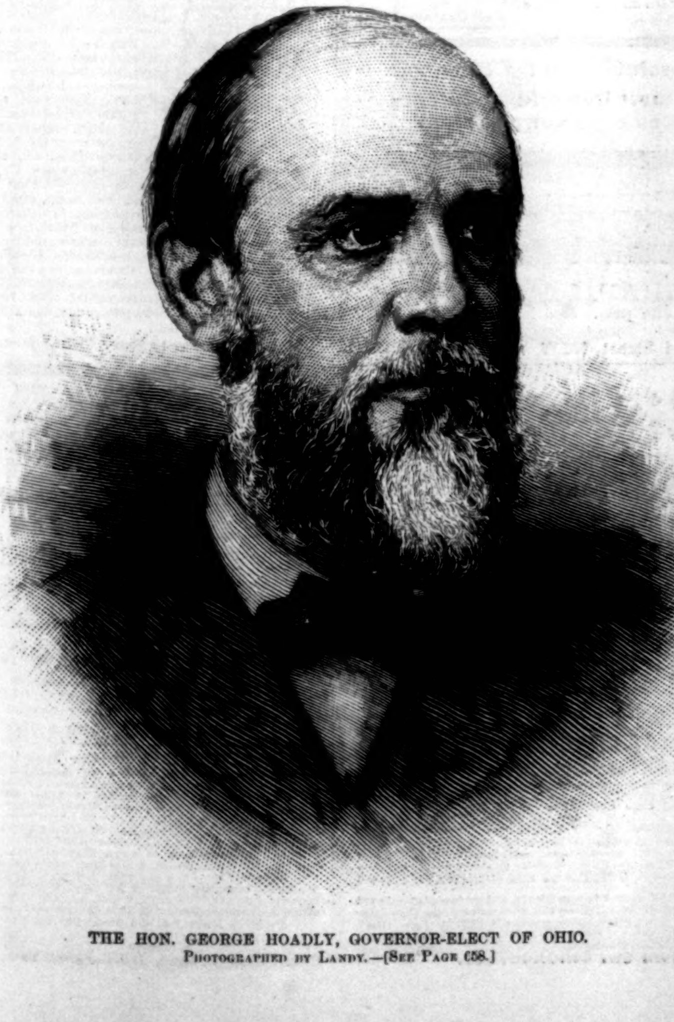
In 1855 his family removed to Iowa, where his father engaged in farming. Young **Sherman** employed his leisure time in studying law, and in 1859 he was admitted to the bar. On the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and served with distinction, until honorably discharged, with the rank of captain, in consequence of severe wounds which disabled him for the field.

After holding several important civil offices with ability and credit, he was elected Governor of the State in 1881. His administration was eminently satisfactory to the people, as evinced by his triumphant re-election this fall.

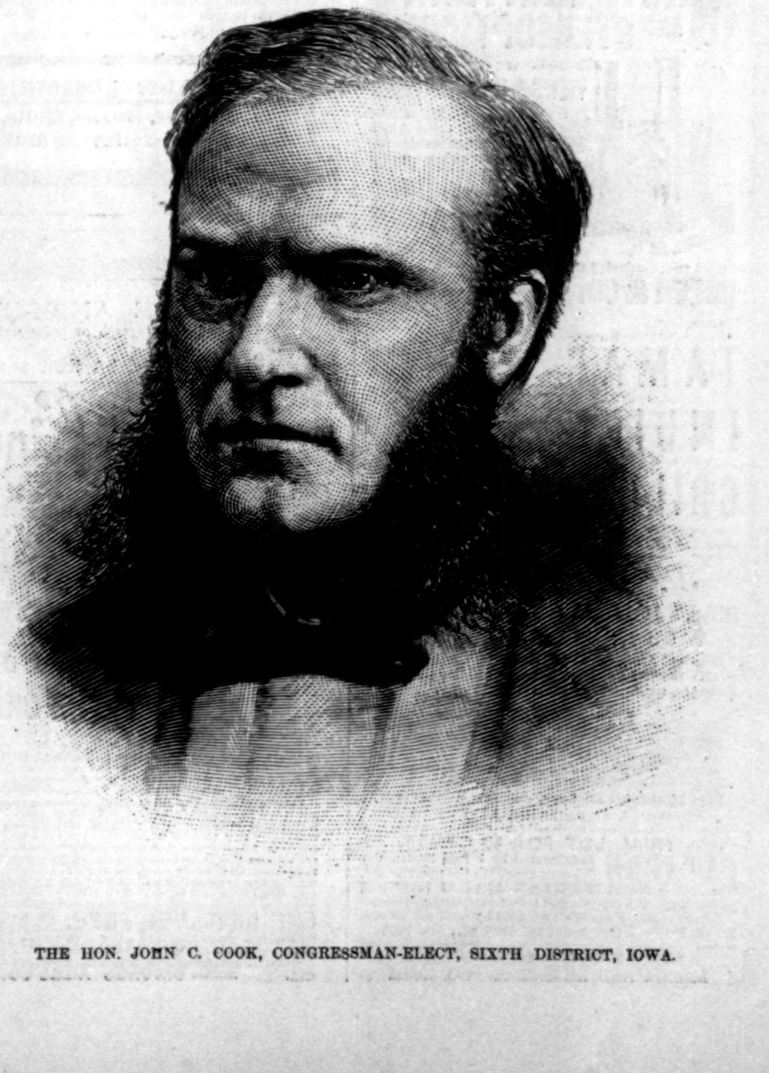
In the Sixth Congressional District the Democrats elect their candidate, Judge **Cook**, over the Republican candidate, **Edward H. Stiles**. But such was the popularity of the latter that the Democratic majority, which two years ago was 5000, was reduced to less than 100. Frauds are charged, and it is thought that Mr. **Stiles** will contest the seat.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

Alfonso's recent travels in France and Germany, especially the rather amusing unpleasantness in the former country with reference to his acceptance from the Emperor **William** of the honorary coloneley of a German regiment, have drawn unusual attention to that sensible young sovereign, the King of Spain. **Alfonso** XII. is now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having been born on the 28th of November, 1857, and in the ninth year of his reign, having been proclaimed King in 1874. His romantic marriage with the unfortunate and beautiful Princess **Mercedes** was terminated four years later, and his present marriage with the Archduchess **Christine**, whom (as we mentioned last week) he publicly describes as "the Austrian princess who assists me in the duties of my royal office," was entered upon on the 29th of November, 1879. **Alfonso**'s reign has been almost unclouded thus far, and the late inconsiderate conduct of the Paris mob has only served to illuminate it with a burst of sunshine, his Spanish subjects being eager to express their loyalty on all possible occasions with tropical exuberance. They might wish worse than "Long live **Alfonso**."



THE HON. GEORGE HOADLY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.
Photographed by Landy.—[See Page 658.]



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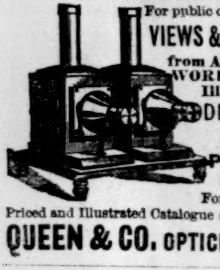

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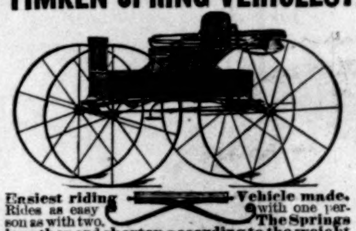

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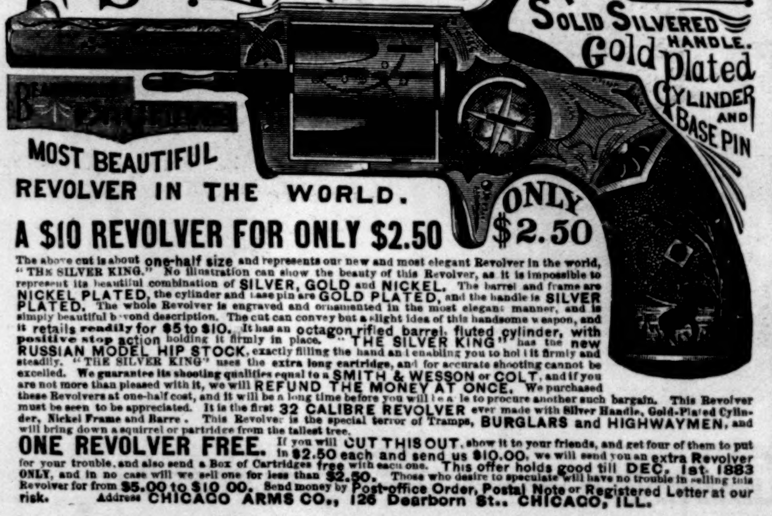
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